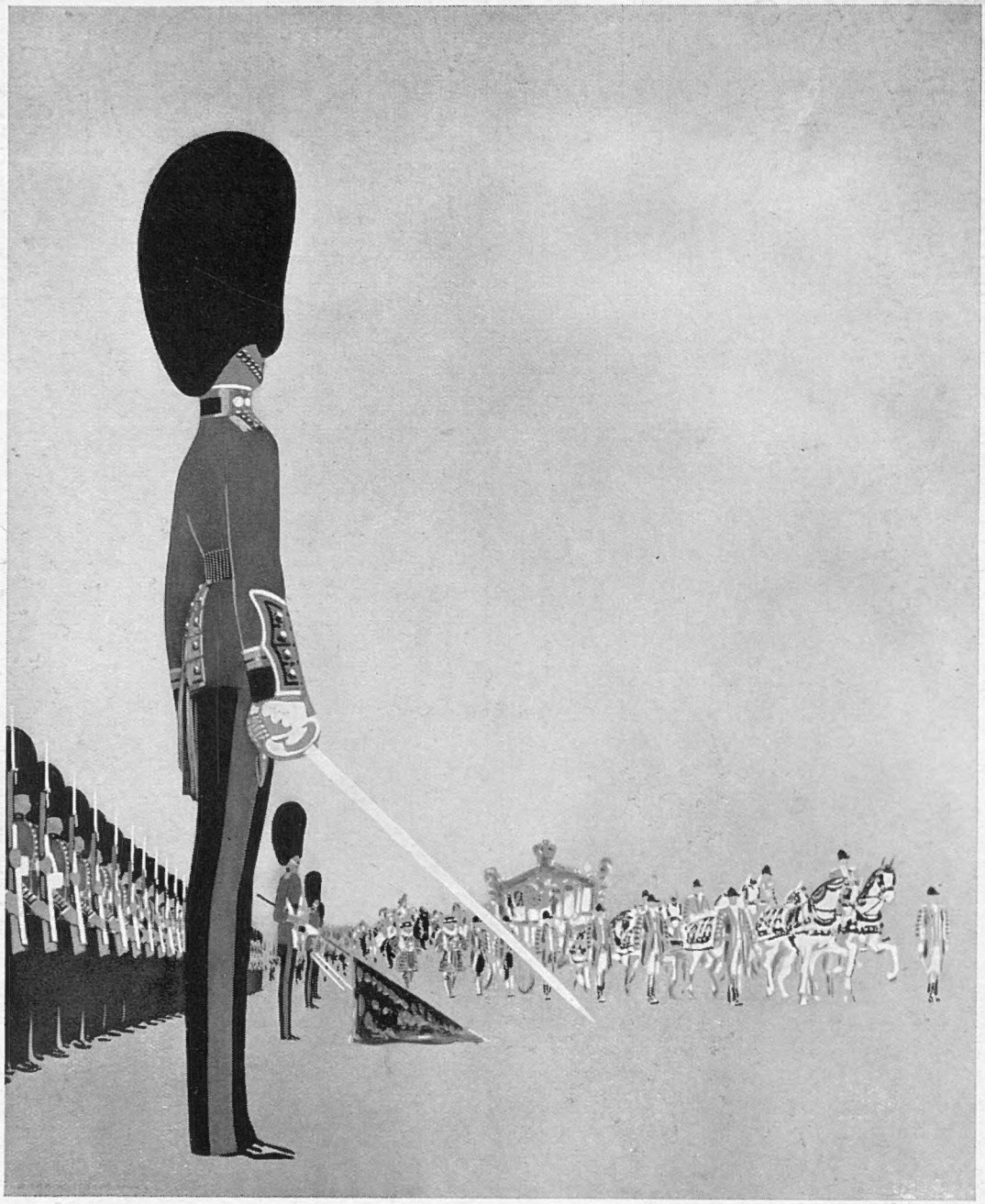
The BYSTANDER

Christmas Number 1936



An Announcement by The Publisher of The "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS"

It will be the privilege of The "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" to produce a record of the Coronation of His Majesty King Edward VIII—a magnificent record which can be kept for generations to come.

At Coronation time the world-wide demand for this publication will be stupendous, and therefore, in order that our overseas readers may be sure of their copies, we beg to state that A Five Shilling RECORD CORONATION NUMBER will be published early in MARCH, 1937.

At this time it is not possible to give an exact list of contents, but because English-speaking people the world over are acquainted with the magnificent productions of this publication on important national occasions, we hope you will order your copies with complete confidence. For production reasons there is grave risk of disappointment unless copies are ordered beforehand. We therefore invite you to send an advance order through your regular newsagent, or in case of difficulty you may order direct from The Publisher, "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," 32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, England. If your copy is ordered direct, the price including postage and packing will be six shillings and sixpence.

Vol. CXXXII. No. 1718A

BYSTANDER

CHRISTMAS NUMBER, 1936

BY J. S. GOODALL

The Season's Greetings

Here We Are Again : By Rojan

Dickens Christmas

If the Snow-man Didn't Walk, Who Stole the Emerald?

By Margery Sharp

AMONG the guests at the Atherton Christmas house-party was a very capable thief. The Athertons, of course, did not know this: they were charming and conscientious hosts. But when you come all the way across the Atlantic specially for a Dickens Christmas, taking a large country house for the purpose, you naturally want the house to be full. So the Athertons invited several people off the boat, and several people they met in London, besides Mrs. Atherton's sister, and her two children, and the children's governess. The star guest, because of his long, white, truly Dickensian beard, was an old gentleman whom Mr. Atherton had met for only half an hour at a friend's cocktail-party.

"He shall be Father Christmas," said Mrs. Atherton joyously, as she watched the enormous tree being manœuvred through the library windows. It was just the scene she had imagined: within, a great log fire lit up shining leaves of holly and pearly boughs of mistletoe; without, the undulating park looked like a steel engraving to a novel by Anthony Trollope. "If only there 's snow," said Mrs. Atherton, "I shall be perfectly happy."

THERE was snow. The English climate for once did the right thing, and on the morning of Christmas Eve the two small boys were able to make a snow-man. For the first hour they had him to themselves, but presently (as so often happens when anything really interesting is going on) grown-ups began to butt in. Jimmy Norcutt and Mike Davis, two young men from the boat, completely re-organised the whole ground-work; Mr. Taylor, his white beard vying with the snow, stood about and gave advice. But the children were firm: they didn't want a mayor, they didn't want a policeman; they wanted a proper roly-poly snow-man with buttons down his front. And even when he was finished they nearly lost him; for Mike Davis feeling for his lighter, discovered that it must have dropped out of his pocket while he was digging; and when they couldn't find it, would actually have had the snow-man down again to see if it were inside. But Mrs. Atherton, who had come out to admire, took her nephews' part. She promised that as soon as the thaw came the lighter should be searched for, and if Mr. Davis had already left, it should be sent on after him. The young man, who was to go on Boxing Day, listened with only moderately good grace, for the lighter was a gold one, engraved with his initials. But he could hardly contradict his hostess on the subject of the Children's Festival.

"And now, if you can tear yourselves away," finished Mrs. Atherton, "we 'll go in to lunch. There 's a boar's head, and I expect Mr. Taylor to carve it."

The old gentleman smiled. It was many years since he had known so certainly where his next three days' meals were coming from, and to ingratiate himself with their provider he would have carved a whole ox. Before going in, however, he spared a moment to ingratiate himself with the children.

"Do you know what happens at midnight?" he asked. "Whenever a snow-man hears the clock strike twelve, he takes a stroll up and down to warm his cold feet."

The children looked at him suspiciously. At seven and eight years old they had already learnt to distrust that particular tone of voice.

"Then you 'll all see him," said Peter, the eight-year-old. "You 'll all be up."

"Ah, if everyone 's up they wait till four in the morning," amended Mr. Taylor. "Twelve or four, it 's all the same so long as they hear the clock. Isn't that true, Mrs. Atherton?"

"True as I stand here," corroborated Mrs. Atherton, laughing. She had been caught by that joke herself; so had the two young men: and with fatuous, grown-up smiles all four turned towards the house. Only the children lagged, staring back at their snow-man.

"They don't usually lie flat out," said Peter at last.

"But he hasn't *got* any feet!"

"They might be inside, like a sack-race."

"Or he might hop along on his one leg."

"Anyway, we 'll bang our heads on the pillow," decided Peter. "Three times, because if we left it to four, we 'd miss him."

Then they remembered the boar's head, and broke into a trot.

NOW Mrs. Atherton, besides having a passion for Dickens, had also a passion for emeralds; and though the

Mrs. Atherton—it was one of the traits he most appreciated in her—could sleep through a thunderstorm

major part of her collection was left behind in Boston, one remarkably fine specimen had travelled in the purser's safe across the Atlantic, via the safe at the Savoy, to the safe at Charlton Court. It was to be Mr. Atherton's Christmas present to her, a square and flawless stone set as a pendant at the end of a thin platinum chain. And late on Christmas Eve, after the house-party had retired, he took it up to their room and placed it, ready for presentation, on a table by the bed.

In the morning, though the chain was still there, the emerald was not.

For some minutes, still in his pyjamas, Mr. Atherton stood torn by two distinct and opposing impulses. He was a shrewd man ; he was also a fond husband : and while his shrewdness bade him lose no time in calling the police, his affection for his wife reminded him that in a Dickens' Christmas police are out of place. Mrs. Atherton's heart (for the moment, at least) was set far more on Dickens than upon emeralds. On the other hand—so all his thoughts began—the pendant was extremely valuable. On the other hand again, he was perfectly prepared, if he could get it back without fuss, to compound a felony in the interests of peace and good-will.

" Damn ! " said Mr. Atherton aloud ; and then glanced anxiously at his wife to see if she had waked. But Mrs. Atherton—it was one of the traits he most appreciated in her—could sleep through a thunderstorm. She would wake at ten, breakfast in bed, and not appear downstairs until shortly before noon. Since it was now barely nine, that meant three clear hours in which to take action. Mr. Atherton hurried on his clothes, found a pair of goloshes, and made a quick circuit of the house.

When he came back his thoughts were clearer. Since the party had not retired until three a.m., and since a fresh carpet of snow lay still unmarked save for his own tracks, it seemed to him highly probable that the booty had not yet left the premises. Before returning to the house, therefore, he locked the garage door and put the key in his pocket. On his way through the hall he looked in the post-box, and finding it empty, ascertained from the butler that no letters or packets had gone out since the previous night. He then re-locked the box, took that key with him as well, and joined his guests at breakfast in the dining-room.

THOUGH the meal was a cheerful one—as became Christmas morning—Mr. Atherton did not enjoy it. He could not help reflecting (for example) that the white beard of Mr. Taylor would form an excellent disguise. Mr. Norcutt and Mr. Davis seemed amiable young men enough, but what did he really know about them ? The children's governess sat like a picture of propriety. But so, no doubt, had sat Becky Sharp at Queen's Crawley . . .

Engaged by such thoughts as these, it was small wonder that Mr. Atherton soon found himself unable to look any of his guests in the eye. The situation was intolerable ; nor did there seem to be any way out. He might, of course, make a short, after-breakfast speech explaining that if anyone who had stolen his wife's emerald cared to put it back again, no questions would be asked, but the effect of such an announcement was not cheerful to contemplate. Half the guests would probably leave at once—among them, no doubt, the thief. There was nothing for it, after all, but to call in those damn police . . .

Scarcely had this melancholy conclusion been reached when the voice of Mr. Taylor boomed jovially down the table. He was asking the children whether they had seen the snow-man take his walk as the clock struck four.

" Oh, yes," said the children calmly.

From her place opposite their governess frowned—half at old Mr. Taylor for encouraging such fantasies, half at the children for telling an untruth.

" Peter ! " she said severely. " You *know* you didn't see anything of the kind ! Besides, you were in bed."

" We weren't," said Peter. " We got up and crept down to the library window. Only it wasn't exactly four. It was a quarter past, and that 's why we didn't *actually* see him walk. But we saw where he 'd been. There were his foot-marks right up to the window where he 'd come to look at the Christmas-tree."

The news aroused as much interest as he could desire.

" Do you mean," asked Mr. Atherton sharply, " that there was just one row of foot-prints from the snow-man to the window ? "

" No, of course not," explained Peter. " Because he had to get back again. So there were two rows—just splotches—because it was snowing all the time. That 's why you can't see them now."

With a word of apology Mr. Atherton got away from the table and out of the room. Behind him the laughter and questioning continued ; but he had heard enough. Between three and four that morning some person had walked from the house to the snow-man and back again. It was not impossible that that person had been carrying some small object which, in the event of the house being searched, would be better out of doors.

Mr. Atherton pulled on his coat and made a fresh set of foot-prints over the white lawn.

IT takes some time to demolish a complete and firmly-built snow-man ; but a spade helps. Mr. Atherton also had luck : in the third or fourth white shovelful, as he attacked the figure's base, a small bright object lay winking under the sun. Stooping to pick it up, he saw that it was a gold cigarette-lighter, engraved with the initials of the nice young man called Mike.

Mr. Atherton turned the thing in his fingers. His wife had spoken about it to him : it had been lost the previous morning, and the gardener was to keep a sharp look-out, as soon as the snow-man thawed, so that it could be reclaimed and sent on to its owner. What chiefly struck Mr. Atherton, however, was its size. It was exactly the same size as the jeweller's box in which his wife's emerald had originally been packed.

At that moment, so suddenly as to make him start, a voice spoke over his shoulder.

" Hello ! " said Mike Davis. " That my lighter I lost yesterday ? "

Without turning round, Mr. Atherton felt for a cigarette.

" Just what I 'm wanting," he said. " Mind if I use it ? "

" You 'd better let me get you a match," said the young man. " Twenty-four hours in the snow mayn't have improved the works."

But his host had already flicked back the cap. As Mr. Davis had surmised, nothing happened.

" You 're right," said Mr. Atherton. " It 's gone wrong. Let 's have a look inside."

With great politeness, the young man begged him not to trouble.

" No trouble at all," Mr. Atherton assured him. " I 'm good at these gadgets. Let me see—doesn't it come apart like a card-case ? "

" If it comes apart at all," said the young man. " But it 's damnably stiff. You 'll have to use a pen-knife."

In silence Mr. Atherton produced a slender blade : in silence the young man watched as the two halves of the case were slowly prised apart. Within, protected by a cotton wrapping, lay a shining green stone.

For a moment the two men stared at it without speaking. Then Mr. Atherton looked at his guest again and was surprised to see that he still presented the appearance of an extremely nice young man.

" But you 're a thief ! " protested Mr. Atherton angrily.

With a gesture of acquiescence the young man admitted it.

" And you 've abused my hospitality. You 're not only a thief, you 're a——"

" A cad ? " suggested the young man. " But then thieves are, sir."

" Not necessarily," snapped Mr. Atherton (who, in his youth, had had a weakness for Raffles). " You can burgle a house without being a guest in it."

" Only it 's much more difficult," pointed out Mr. Davis. " And this was my first shot."

" Then why the hell did you do it ? "

" To get money. I 'm very hard up. And partly for the interest of the thing—to see if I could pull it off. I didn't lose my lighter yesterday, of course : I put it there last night. As first shots go, it *was* rather neat."

But Mr. Atherton, however disturbed, kept a clear head.

" Amateurish," he said. " You depended too much on chance factors. On the snow, in the first place, then on the thaw holding off, then on the honesty of the gardener here. A dozen accidents might have wrecked you, quite apart from the children's foolery. I don't deny you a certain ingenuity, but it was amateurish all the same."

The young man looked crestfallen.

" Perhaps you 're right, sir. However, I dare say I 'll pick up some tips in jug."

" ' Jug ' ? " repeated Mr. Atherton.

" Stir," translated the young man. " Prison, jail, lock-up. I 'll go quietly."

Mr. Atherton hesitated. The calm, even, friendly tone of their conversation had put him in an odd frame of mind. He had the emerald in his hand, the young man before him, in spite of a superficial jauntiness, looked far more like a college boy than a criminal. And as a final touch of incongruity—as a final appeal to sentiment—the bells of the village church began to ring for Christmas Day. Almost in spite of himself, Mr. Atherton clutched at a straw.

" You didn't—you didn't take it to support your old mother ? "

" I haven't got an old mother," said the young man regretfully. " There 's only one thing I 'd like to say——"

" That if I let you off this time," supplied Mr. Atherton grimly, " you 'll never do it again ? "

" Not at all, sir. As a matter of fact, I shan't, because I 've been feeling so damned rotten about it. What I was going to say was that I 'm sorry if I 've messed up your Christmas."

There was a short silence. Then—

" Do I *look* like a damned fool ? " demanded Mr. Atherton furiously.

The young man grinned.

" Not in the least, sir."

" Well, I am ! " shouted Mr. Atherton. " You clear out of here, young man, and if you haven't a train fare you can get one from my secretary ; and if you can't get a job you 'd better call at my London office. I 'm the damnedest fool in creation ! " roared Mr. Atherton. " But you needn't blame me—blame Dickens ! "

THE END.

Sketches by Clark Fay

For the first hour the children had the snow-man to themselves, but presently grown-ups began to butt in

"On the feast of Stephen . . ."

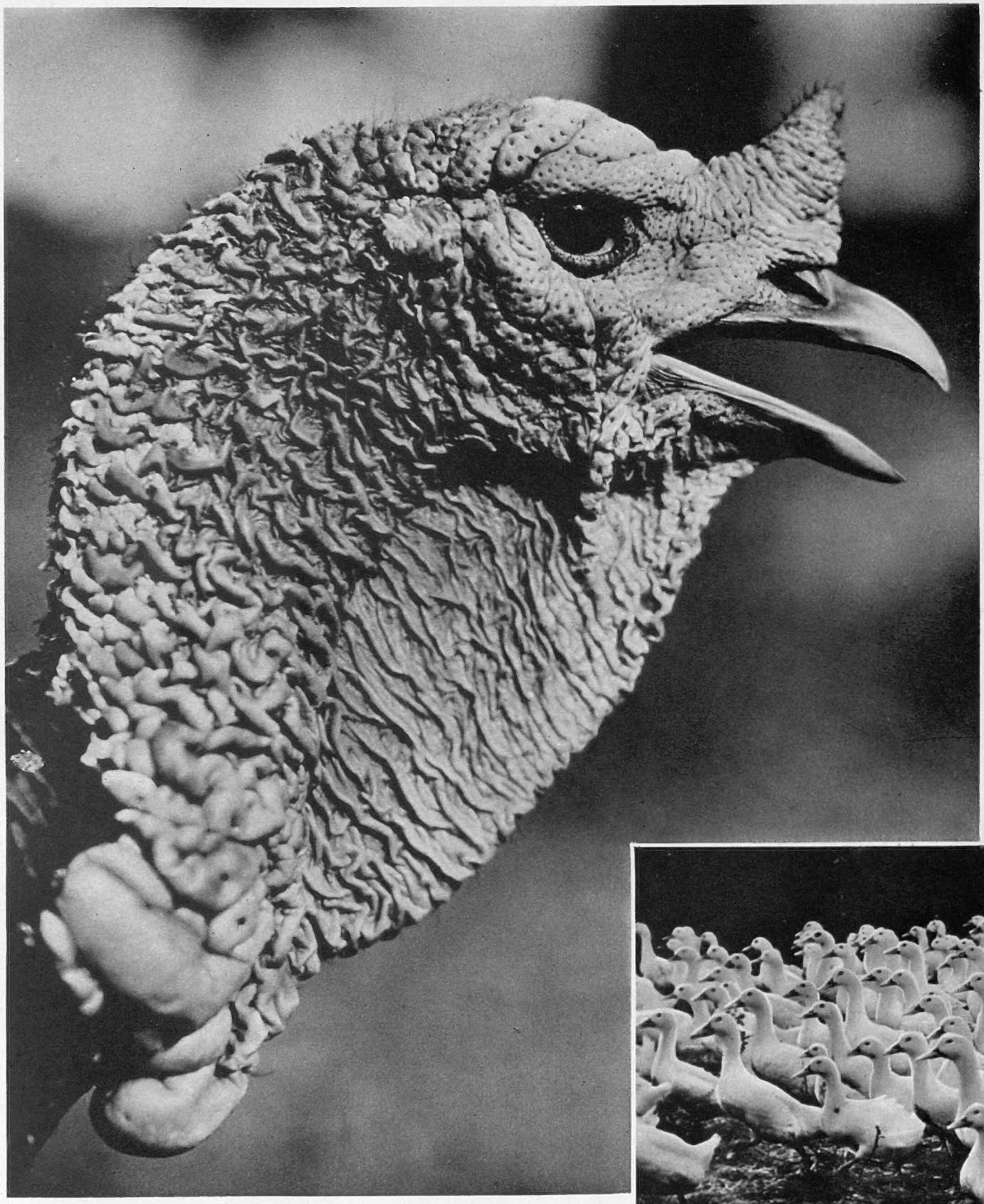
A photographic study by Howard Coster

"Turkey or Duck, Sir?"

The Chef: a Camera Study by John Everard

"Turkey or Duck, Sir?"

Your Christmas Dinner Unapprehensively Ignorant of Its Destiny



"Young Man, Who Gave You Permission to Take My Photograph?"

Right: They Are All Going the Same Way, Poor Things

Christmas Conversation Piece

Photographs by Norman Parkinson

"Mother": *a Camera Study by Norman Parkinson*

"Ah!"

Tell It Not In Christmas Numbers

By Peter Fleming

Sketches by Mervyn Wilson

A scoutmaster in Sydney

Carried her two aunts through a snowstorm

STANDS Christmas where it did? It does. That's the trouble.

The British are a resourceful race, at their best (as they will sometimes modestly admit) in unexpected emergencies. Look at the newspapers, and you will see what I mean. . . . "Bride Chokes Puma with Egg-Whisk" . . . "Octogenarian Hamstrings Jewel-Thief" . . . "'It was nothing,' said pretty, tennis-loving Mabel Porch, when asked how she had carried her two aunts five miles through a snowstorm after their bungalow had been destroyed by a cargo of ambergris believed to have fallen from the Graf Zeppelin" . . .

That's the kind of people we are. We can rise brilliantly to the most unlikely occasions. Cobras in Camberwell, leprosy in the Lake District, a bull in a china shop—you can disconcert us momentarily, but you can't get us down. Emergency is our element.

But how weak, how lamentably weak we are when we can see what's coming to us; when we have notice of the crisis. Take Christmas. This feast has occurred, not once or twice in our rough island story, but every single year for centuries; and on the same date, too. You would think that a nation as resourceful as ours would have learnt from experience and improved its technique. You would think that the British would be better at coping with Christmas by now.

You would be wrong.

I am writing (you have heard this crack before, but it is none the less true for that) in June. Flaming June. Some of you are perhaps too young to remember it. The sun is shining brightly, the papers are full of pictures of elephantine girls in bathing-dresses, and you might suppose—so powerful and so widespread are the fallacies concerning a literary career—that I am finding it difficult to write about Christmas, a season so chronologically and climatically remote.

I AM finding it nothing of the sort. Christmas is six months away, but I know all about it. . . . The Coloured Supplement, with holly on the covers, full of pictures (most of them have been painted already) of stage coaches ploughing through snowdrifts, of boars' heads and wolf-hounds, of mummers and wassail bowls and what you will. . . . The B.B.C. programme, when a scoutmaster in Sydney will send greetings to a steeplejack in Baffin's Bay, and we shall hear crackers being pulled in Hongkong and the Rangoon Fire Brigade singing "Auld Lang Syne" in a Buddhist temple. . . . The Post Office will handle more mail than it has ever handled before. Holiday trains will be run (just fancy!) in three parts. Half the railway systems on the Continent will undergo their annual dislocation owing to the Winter Sports traffic. The *Daily Express* will reveal that, of the

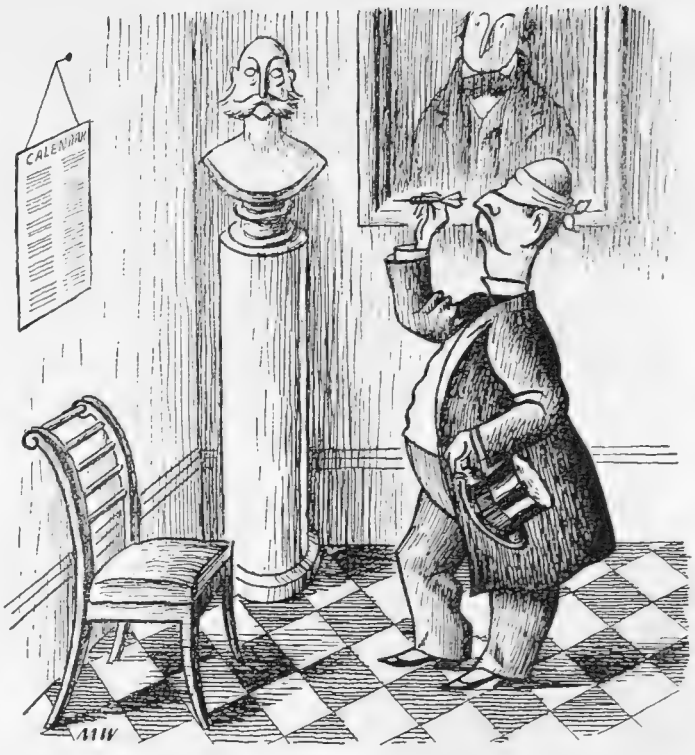
Strange, thwarted creatures

742 tons of paper hats used by London restaurants for gala soirées, 741.83 tons were made in Japan. . . . "Good King Wenceslas." . . . Cotton-wool in shop windows . . . blotters . . . indigestion. . . .

You see. I 've got Christmas taped ; and so have you. It 's the same every year. This would not be at all surprising but for the fact that what you might call the impresarios of Yuletide are passionately resolved that it shall not be the same, but different. The strange, thwarted creatures responsible for the production of what the shops call "Christmas Novelties" are determined that this time they really will be novelties, and not just slightly impractical ash-trays. The Editors of the Christmas Numbers have sworn a great oath to be original, to soft-pedal on the holly, to do without Mr. Beverley Nichols. At this very moment, hundreds of hacks like myself are sweating blood in the effort to break with tradition, to prevent the bells from ringing out, the horses' flanks from steaming in the torch-light, the snow from lying deep all over our pages. In Midland cities the pantomime producers are pretending to decide that Dick Whittington shall be played by a man, that they 'll cut the transformation scene, that the broker's men must go. Pale young men with horn-rimmed spectacles are censoring Esquimaux love-songs in Broadcasting House. Even the directors of French railways are making a note to see if something can't be done about it this time.

Played by a socking great woman

Having to eat plum pudding in July



The Home Secretary would throw a dart

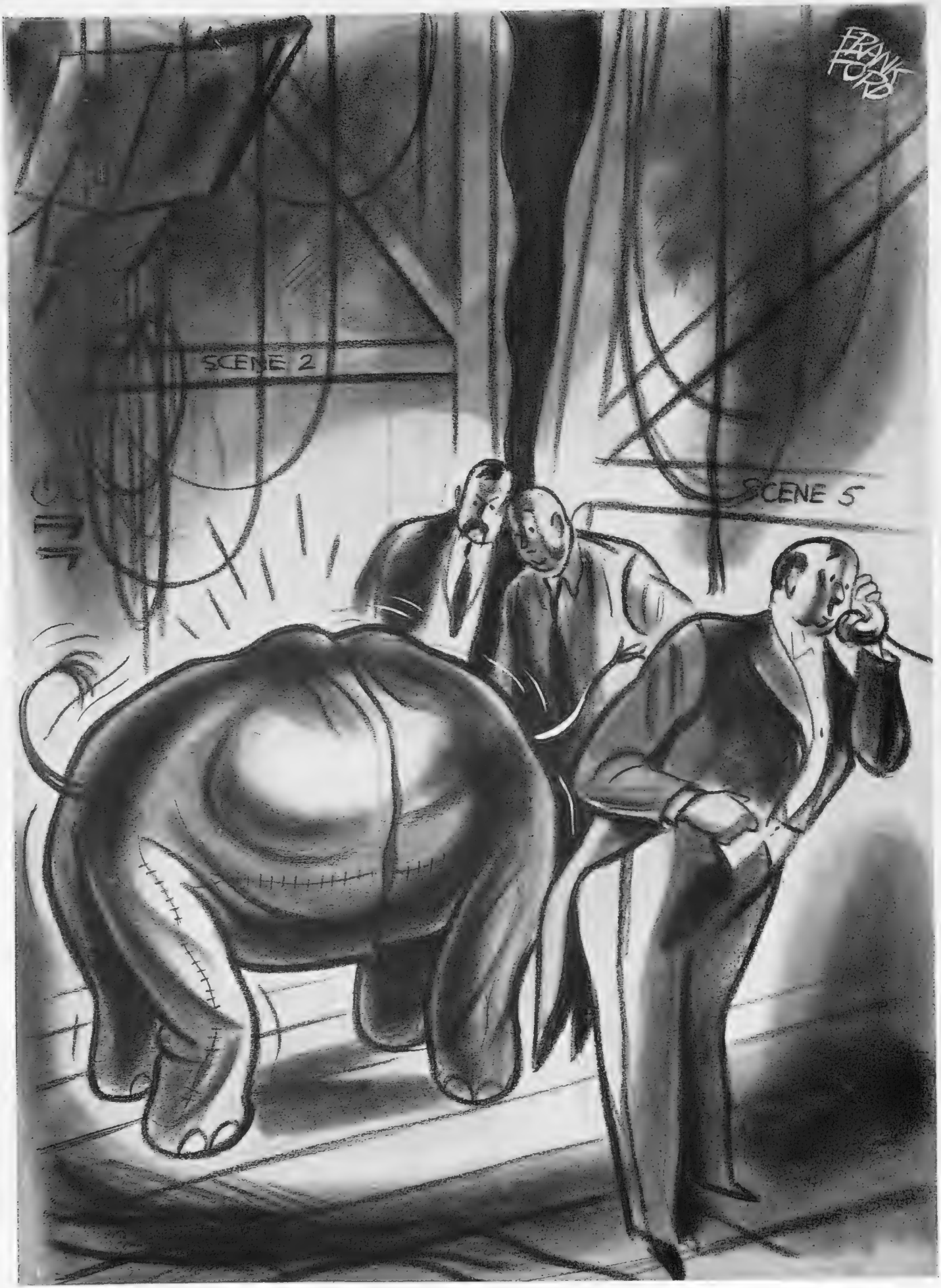
BUT all this is the merest formality ; part of the ritual. Christmas is going to be exactly the same as it always has been, and in our heart of hearts we—the would-be reformers, the gingerers-up—all know this to be so. The horses' flanks will steam in the torch-light ; Dick Whittington will be played by a socking great woman ; and we shall all give each other blotters. It 's high time that the English admitted that they 're no good at Christmas.

Perhaps it is better so. Perhaps, as the bells ring out their—Gosh ! Do you see that ? What did I tell you ? Perhaps, as I was saying, it is better so. The mere fact that we never speak of an old-fashioned Christmas, but of a good old-fashioned Christmas, seems to indicate that at least we deserve what we get. But I can't help feeling that it would be rather fun to imbue the grim occasion with some of that impromptu emergency atmosphere which brings out the best in all of us. This could very easily be done. If you can fix Easter, there seems to be no reason why we shouldn't unfix Christmas ; and, having done so, keep the date a secret. The whole thing would thus become exciting and unpredictable and—like the General Strike—a splendid test of the national character.

My system would work out something like this. On New Year's Day the Home Secretary, blindfolded, and under oath of secrecy, would throw a dart at a calendar, behind locked doors ; and whichever date he transfixed would be Christmas. When the day came round, the public would be given forty-eight hours' notice, and the devil take the hindermost.

The psychological advantages of my scheme are innumerable, the blotter-buying season—a most strenuous and unpleasant time under present conditions—would be reduced to a maximum of two days, and no serious shopping would have to be undertaken by anybody, except, perhaps, the Home Secretary. As for the economic aspects, a slight decrease of employment among the makers of artificial snow would be more than offset by the terrific extra volume of insurance done—by shops, for instance, against Christmas falling on a Monday, and by people with delicate digestions against having to eat plum pudding in July. But of all the blessings conferred by unfixing Christmas, there would be none, in my view, so inestimable as this : there would be no more Christmas Numbers

THE END.



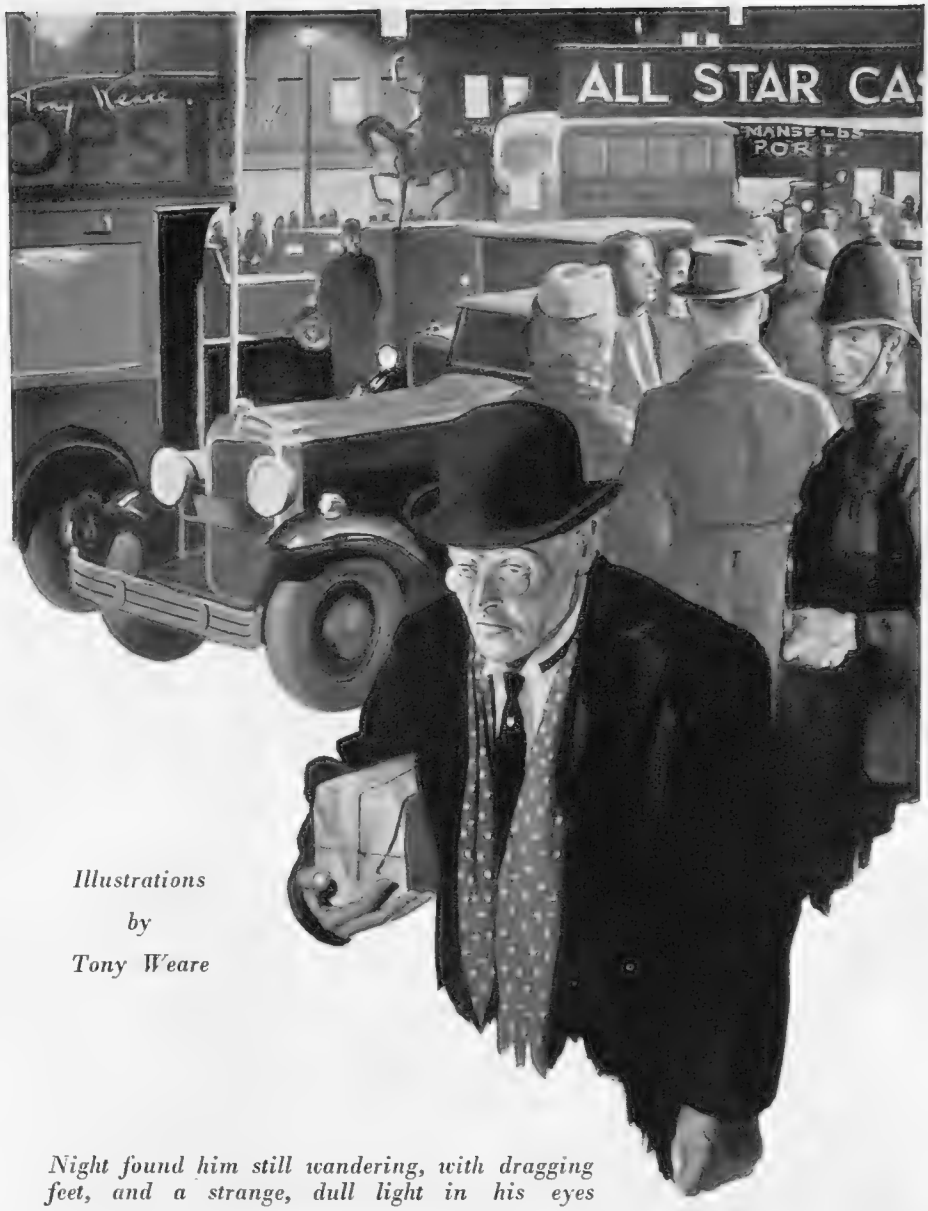
BY FRANK FORD

"Give me the 'Elite' theatrical costumiers, quick!"

Station Permanently Closed

By Noel Langley

(Author of "Cage Me a Peacock" and "There's a Porpoise Close Behind Us")



Illustrations by Tony Weare

Night found him still wandering, with dragging feet, and a strange, dull light in his eyes

SIX mornings in the week, with a regularity and precision engendered by twenty years' devotion to habit, Mr. Franklin caught the Underground train to the City at eight forty-five, so that he arrived at his office one minute before nine, except when unusual crowds made him a few seconds late, or the weather was bad. Six mornings in the week he bought his ticket with three pennies, said "Good morning" to the lift-man, and read the classified advertisements in the *Telegraph* in the lift. He never opened up his paper until he had settled himself in the train. If the train was full and he had to stand he continued reading the classified advertisements and then went on to the births and deaths, and sometimes he turned to the back page and read the house-agents' advertisements as well; but unless he was sitting down he never opened his paper.

He looked exactly like everyone else in the train, though it never depressed him; the tightly-rolled umbrella, the neatly-fitting bowler hat—not at an angle—the pale, thin, clean-shaven face, mounted by pince-nez and trimmed at the temples with straggling grey hair; the high collar and the subdued tie; the unobtrusive pin-stripe serge suit. He was fifty-nine. He was married, had a semi-detached house called "The Elms" with no elms within walking distance, and a son who was doing very well for himself in a garage. His wife gave small bridge parties and attended the cinemas indiscriminately.

Mr. Franklin's life proceeded with the comfortable monotony of reliable clockwork. He had never seen a street accident or had a murder in the neighbourhood. He possessed an aunt of advanced age who believed herself psychic, but otherwise had no dealings with the supernatural beyond enjoying a good ghost story. He had little or no imagination.

One evening late in November, returning from the office by the six-three with the *Evening News* open in front of him, he became suddenly conscious that the train had done something out of the ordinary. When it drew in to the next station, which he should have known without glancing at the signs, he found he was one station further on. He half-turned to comment on it to the man next to him, thought better of it, and returned to his paper, vaguely disturbed but not upset. When he left the train and handed his ticket to the lift-man, he mentioned it diffidently. The lift-man at once informed him that the station three away had been closed down and sealed up permanently—"not used by enough people."

"Ah," said Mr. Franklin. "I see. Yes."

He was conscious of the usual regret that comes with change; and mild annoyance at an alteration so blatantly uncalled for. Regularity had been tampered with. The journey would take less time, and there would be a new gap in it. He would always have the feeling that it was incomplete. He thought of the people who would have to walk further each morning to catch their trains. He almost thought of sending a letter of indignant protest to the company, but was restrained by the knowledge that the company would hardly be likely to open the station again on the strength of it, particularly when it was three away from his own. He satisfied himself by blaming the Government for crippling the country with taxes.

THE next morning on the way to the office he was deep in the *Telegraph* when the train passed the closed station; but the sudden echoing roar made him look up, for the moment without realisation, and he was just able to catch a muddled glimpse of it before the tunnel swallowed it again. A strange unhappiness descended on Mr. Franklin. There was something almost indecent in driving through a dead station; like driving a racing car through a cemetery with the exhaust open.

It took an hour in the office to lift the depression from his shoulders; but he still felt vaguely disturbed; and on the homeward journey he made a point of watching out for the station as soon as they left the one before. This time he saw the whole length of it—a curiously unreal and shadowy station, with its posters still blaring their messages to emptiness—flickering rhythmically from the lights of the carriage windows. A lump rose in Mr. Franklin's throat, though he could never have explained why. When he had said "Good-night" to the lift-man and was walking towards "The Elms," he suddenly stopped in the middle of the pavement and stared back over his shoulder. "How lonely

it must be," he said slowly. "How lonely." The sound of his own voice in an empty street caused him no small shock. He was not accustomed to thinking aloud, certainly not of matters as irrelevant as closed Underground stations.

Mr. Franklin felt the morale of twenty years' consistent routine endangered; new ducts in his imagination widening when he had no desire for any sort of mental change. Not when he was retiring next September. He wished to wind up his career with the same efficiency that he had pursued it, retire to the toolshed of "The Elms" and make wireless-sets. But now, two months away from his pension and the wireless-sets, revolutionary ideas were springing into existence, and he was being seriously disturbed by an Underground station.

It was not a subject he could discuss with his wife or his son, or even with Pendleton over the privet hedge after supper. Perhaps, if he *could* have talked about it, nonchalantly, he might have explained it away or at least put it in its right perspective; but he kept it to himself, and it grew in significance until passing the closed station was the only event in the day, and he existed simply to roar through it in the mornings and again in the evenings, the other way. The posters still leered out at him, and a girl in a yellow bathing-suit seemed to await his train and stretch her beckoning finger out to him alone, as if Mr. Franklin was the only man in London she wanted to come with her to Brighton's sunny summer, and the only way to go was via the closed station.

THEN one evening, as they clattered through as usual, and his eyes peered and strained out of the window, a snub-nosed blonde beside him said: "Coo! I 'd 'ate to be waiting fer a trine theer!" She said it to a friend of hers, but it had more effect on Mr. Franklin than the friend, who had not listened. A cold shiver ran down his spine and made him move uncomfortably at the thought of standing alone in that deserted vault, watching train after train go shattering by, filled with people reading and talking and sleeping, and not being able to make oneself heard or noticed. He imagined a lonely figure frantically screaming, desperately waving; the frenzied rush along the platform as the train sped by and disappeared; then the all-enveloping blackness until the rumble of the next train made him start to his senses and begin the futile antics all over again, and then again after that, and then again, until a barren widening pause would bring the realisation that no more trains would run until the next day. It would be the only means of measuring time. He wondered if there would be a derelict slot-machine, overlooked, with matches and chocolate in it; and whether one could break open a slot-machine once one's store of pennies were gone. He wondered how long one could keep sane, with the intermittent roar of the trains, the flashing lights from the windows, and the sudden silence and gloom directly after that. In all, he wondered a great deal more than was good for him, and developed nerves for the first time in his life.

It was raining the next day; a dreary persistent grey drizzle; and the eight forty-five's doors were sliding shut when Mr. Franklin ran from the lift. For the first time in his life he missed the eight forty-five, and he watched it disappear into the tunnel with real anguish. It stood for a symbol; a severing of his ties with the Mr. Franklin who would never have missed his train. He boarded the eight forty-eight after a brief struggle, and stood wedged against the doors, which pinched him gently when they shut.

At the next station someone fought their way out and three people fought their way in. He found himself wedged even more firmly against the doors. Someone pushed his hat over his eyes, and he trod on their feet. Brief apologies followed. At the next station no one got out or in, and the doors pinched him again as they closed.

As the train left the station a sudden numb excitement caught Mr. Franklin in its grip. The next station was the one that had been closed. In a few seconds they would be hurtling through it. He pressed his face against the glass of the door in an unhappy fever of anticipation. The train lurched gently as it rounded the curve before the flat stretch of the platform. His heart beat faster and the carriage became unbearably stuffy. The noise of the train doubled as the echoes of the station threw it back; Mr. Franklin's eyes strained out through the window, and there was the dank, ghostly station flickering spasmodically, with the posters and the "Exit" signs and the blind electric lamps. In a second it would be gone, swallowed up in the bowels of the earth. He strained harder . . . and in that second he saw someone

She said it to a friend of hers, but it had more effect on Mr. Franklin

waving from the platform. For a moment he stood as he was, too stunned to cry out, his face pressed so hard against the glass that his nose was flattened, staring at the wall of the tunnel flying past outside. He shut his eyes, tightly, and found the impression was stamped on his brain like a photograph—someone with their hands above their head, a smudgy, frantic figure, at the end of the platform. He felt sick and giddy. He half-turned to shout, but retained enough instinctive sense to stop himself. The safety-cord. He gazed upwards, and then remembered that the trains were stopped by pulling down blue handles at each end of the carriage. There was a solid mass of people packed between him and either of the handles, which saved him a fine of five pounds, and by the time the train screeched to a standstill in the next station, he had made up his mind how to act. He leaped out on to the platform and tore along it in search of an official.

It was a new sensation, and a horrifying one, to be called a lunatic; at first politely and later with firm insistence. He gave up trying to convince the officials that a man had been stranded in the dead station—not through any failing of his own, but because the liftman hinted darkly at calling an ambulance—and with it had come the awful realisation that no one was going to believe him. It seemed incredible at first that people could stand with their hands in their pockets and banish the idea without even suggesting that the station might be opened and an investigation made. Mr. Franklin, up against the rugged imperturbability of the British for the first time in his life, suddenly found it intolerable. The waving figure was still vivid in his mind,

the realism of it still haunting with its power. He went out into the street and walked up and down in the rain, trying to marshal his scattered thoughts.

The rain spattered off his bowler hat and began to soak under his collar and trickle down his back. Mechanically he opened his umbrella and held it above his head. His ears were buzzing intolerably. He felt his heart racing with a suffocating excitement that made him weak and exhausted, and a belated concern for his physical well-being led him into a Lyons, where he ordered a cup of coffee in a thin voice.

In the soothing clatter and rattle of the tea-room he revived slightly. He put four lumps of sugar into the coffee the waitress brought him, though ordinarily he never touched sugar except in puddings and ginger wine. His brain clung stubbornly to the long, dark, empty station with the frantic, smudged figure at the end; waving. How long had they been there? Were they starving? What could he do to help them? No one would *listen* to him! No one would believe him! It was criminal, uncivilised; maddening.

He gave a little whimper at his own helplessness.

Eventually, much later in the day, he evolved a plan. This was no simple process of calm reason; it came of hours of fruitless agony and mental torture, almost of its own power. It was the only thing to be done. He was going to hide in the station next to the closed one after the last train had gone, and when it had been shut up for the night he was going to make his way to the closed one along the tunnel. He bought an electric torch and five shillings' worth of sandwiches and coffee (in a thermos, which was extra to hire), and spent the rest of the time wandering about the streets. The day passed in a few numb seconds. Night found him still wandering, with dragging feet, and a strange, dull light in his eyes.

Why a shadowy figure in an empty Tube station should have caused a hiatus as grave as it did in the life of Mr. Franklin must retain its mystery. Most of his ilk, seeing what he saw, would have handed on the information to the proper quarter and left it to the proper quarter to do what it thought best; yet Mr. Franklin, during that day of dogged waiting, thought only of confounding the company and covering it with guilty shame when he appeared at last with the rescued prisoner.

At twenty-three minutes past twelve the last train went through the empty station, and Mr. Franklin saw it for the last time from a carriage window. At the next station he got out and fell in behind a few stragglers making their way to the lifts. He walked with a tardiness that kept him well behind, searching feverishly for somewhere to hide.

The last train's doors slammed shut, and he heard it grind out, which meant that the guard would be leaving the platform any minute now. Ahead of him the lift came to rest with a jolt and the grill clattered open, hidden from him by a bend in the passage. He looked round once to make sure he was alone, and then ran for the emergency stairs. They were spiral and in darkness; and he had just time to crawl into their shadows before the guard came down the passage from the platform, whistling, and passed by on his way to the lift.

Allowing himself a safe margin, Mr. Franklin crouched in the blackness for twenty minutes by his luminous watch and then ventured down the stairs again and felt for his torch. To his surprise the station was still lit by two or three anæmic globes, and he strained his ears for a sound of movement. Suddenly, far away in the distance, he heard the lift gates shut . . . that would be up at the top: someone was coming down. The machinery began humming, and he heard a blur of men's voices filtering down the lift-shaft. A fleeting terror assailed him as he imagined a search-party with the same purpose as his own cheating him of his object. The lift drew nearer, and then it occurred to him that stations had to be cleaned out and that these were probably the cleaners; but cleaners or searchers, he could not be still on the platform when they appeared.

He took a short, unsteady breath, strained his eyes into the tunnel's yawning void, and then climbed gingerly down on to the track. It was the middle rail he must be careful not to touch. It would still be alive. The voices behind him grew suddenly loud as the lift reached the floor. He switched on the torch and set off along the tunnel.

It took him seven minutes to reach the empty station, and once his foot nearly touched the middle rail; but the torch threw a powerful beam, and apart from that he hardly stumbled at all. At first the men's voices followed him down the tunnel, hollowly, with a queer half-echo, and he heard buckets clanked; but as he neared the empty station they grew fainter and fainter, and the only sounds he heard when he scrambled on to the deserted platform were his own.

The blood was

Concluded on page 70)

He was too late. Whatever he found wasn't going to be alive

"Magnificent, I grant you. Our only consolation is that he will probably be disqualified"

"Then let them drink snow," said Marie Antoinette promptly

Sketches by Hendy

Must We Have Snow This Christmas?

By Maurice Lane-Norcott

It was a wise poet, I think, who said feelingly: "Snow, Snow, go away! Come again another day!" Although why he should want it to come again another day I can't imagine. It will be just as abominable to-morrow. When it arrives it will inevitably be the same white, dreary, untidy, useless, slippery snow.

God knows what Nature thought she was doing when she made this so-called "snow." Here we are practically in 1937, with the air conquered and full of dance music, and great ships riding proudly on all the Seven Seas, and this meaningless snow still defeats us. We can't find the slightest use for it. It just falls out of the sky for no apparent reason at all and gets under our feet.

The most that anyone can do with snow is to throw it at somebody—

From every point of view snow is beneath contempt. We can't build with snow, or grow any crops in it, or dig it up and burn it for fuel at Christmas. We can't ferment it, or explode it, or stretch it, or compress it, or bake it. We can't clean windows or shave with it, or use it for knitting or ballast or blotting-paper or fishing bait. It won't grow hair, or reduce obesity, or improve the complexion, or relieve toothache. It has no magnetic attraction for anything, it can't find its own level, and it doesn't contain a single valuable mineral or useful gas. It is just plain, senseless, common, worthless snow.

The most that anyone can hope to do with snow is to pick up a handful and throw it at somebody. And, goodness knows, it isn't worth making it just for that. Anything does to throw at somebody—an old epithet, say, or one of those little leather-bound volumes of Lord Tennyson.

(In passing I would like to recall a good story of Marie Antoinette and some French snow which the late Charles Dickens used to relate with sickening gusto during those boring evenings round the Yule log at Gads Hill.

It seems that Marie Antoinette was driving through the snow near Versailles one day when she happened to notice that a group of peasants were groaning rather louder than was their usual custom at that time. Upon enquiring what the trouble was she was informed that the village well had frozen and so they had no water to drink for Christmas.

"Then let them drink snow," said Marie Antoinette promptly.

When the peasants were told this they were very astonished, because they had never supposed that snow was fit for human consumption. They had always believed that it was a curse put upon them by a local witch named Maman Lamaitre.

However, they ultimately agreed to send a sample to the local apothecary for analysis, and in due course they received his report, which read as follows:

Calories	Nil
Vitamins	Nil
Starch	Nil
Carbohydrates ..	Nil
Nitrates	Nil
Animal fats ..	Nil
Proteins	Nil
Grit and Gravel ..	2.5%
Mud	2.3%
Rain Water ..	95.2%

Knee-deep in a lot of white nonsense

This uncompromising statement so inflamed these peasants that they instantly revolted, and three months later the Bastille fell and France became a Republic. I reprint the story here in all its grim details, because to-day small boys, who would scorn a glass of pure water, are in the habit of sucking snow for fun. (I think they should know just what they are sucking for fun.)

THE truth is, when Nature made snow she hadn't the faintest idea what she was doing. She was obviously in one of her dilettante moods. Probably she had just finished the utterly worthless cabbage and wanted something to occupy her time until she felt like getting on with the equally ridiculous turnip. So in rather a bored way she cut out a piece of snow, just to see how it looked.

"There, now!" she must have exclaimed, admiring her handiwork in a fatuous way. "It's rather a dazzling bit of stuff, isn't it? Of course, I don't know what good it is, I'm sure. Still, it's a little model and I'm not going to waste it. I think I'll send it to those poor people living on the earth. Probably they'll find a use for it."

So the next morning everybody woke up to find their fields and gardens and beautiful cities knee-deep in a lot of white nonsense. Don't tell *me* that Nature is wonderful.

YET, with a little forethought, this snow, which is now quite useless to us, could be very welcome. Judged purely as a natural phenomenon—that is, as flecks of frozen water—there is nothing inately objectionable about it. It is certainly no worse than the East wind, and the inconvenient changing of the tides, and the stupid Law of Gravity which compels things to fall downwards so that they drop on our heads instead of falling upwards, where they could hurt nobody.

It is just *the untimely delivery* of snow which makes it so obnoxious to us. For example, it is ridiculous to make it snow in the winter. What we want in the winter is plenty of warm sunshine and truffles. It is not until the heat of midsummer that we really need snow. We could lie in it then and drink long, cool drinks from a wine-bucket all coated with snow.

And, in any case, it always snows far too much. Even in summer quite a small quantity of snow would meet our requirements if it were delivered in an orderly way.

Personally, I think that in summer it should snow from 11 p.m. to 12 p.m. every Friday night. Then we could make our arrangements accordingly. We could put out some suitable receptacle—say, a hip-bath or a large basin—and it could fall neatly and tidily into that.

If that is asking too much—if snow is inalienably tied to winter—then I think it should be made from another recipe altogether.

In a way, I dare say, it might be a good plan to go back to manna. Still, there is just a chance that manna may have been rice. If it *was* rice, of course, then we don't want to go back to it. Hateful as snow is, it has at least one good quality. Nobody can sweep it up and make a milk pudding of it.

Probably, all things considered, it would be safest to accept snow in its old senseless form, but confine it exclusively to Switzerland. Then the people who like snow can go to it by train, and the people who *don't* like snow—who loathe it, in fact—needn't be inflicted by it any more.

That is all I have to say about snow for the present—probably for ever. I wish you all a merry snow-less Christmas and a bright sunny New Year.

THE END.

—but anything does to throw at somebody—say, a leather-bound volume of Tennyson

Snow should be made from another recipe altogether

CHRISTMAS AT HOME—WHY

Auld Reekie's daughters all declare
They love a blithesome Scottish air—
But when the Pipes begin to freeze
At Christmas, they turn Tyrolese

NOT OUR OWN WINTER SPORTS ?

BY FOUET

Often of Cambria England speaks
As growing Mountains, Bards and Leeks—
But don't forget, you Sportive Males,
The place for Ski-ing is South Wales!

Presents For Princesses

A Fairy-Tale for Grown-Ups

By Anthony Armstrong

Nicolas Bentley Drew the Pictures

Two Royal Rashers

ONCE upon a long time ago there lived a King who had three daughters. Kings nearly always had daughters by threes in those days, just as woodcutters had sons by sevens, and widowed-mothers-living-in-forests invariably had sole supports. The family of the King of Cabbodia, however, broke heavily away from tradition in one important respect, and that was that the youngest daughter was, for once, not the Fairest of Them All. Not that Princess Fania was by any means the ugliest, either, all competition in that line being completely ruled out by the eldest daughter, Princess Gaillardia, who could barely be called homely even by accomlished flatterers in the most favourable lighting. This left the middle daughter, Delphine, as the prettiest of the three, and even if she 'd had seventeen sisters she 'd still have been the most beautiful. Some of the more susceptible courtiers even put it as high as twenty-two sisters.

Well, one fine summer morning the King, whose name was Maxim, came down to breakfast feeling pretty good. He kissed his daughters, lifted a gold cover on the sideboard and helped himself to two Royal Rashers. Then he sat down and looked out of the window.

It really was a beautiful morning—just the kind of morning, thought the King, for going on a hunting trip with the King of Arcadia. Not that the actual morning really mattered, for it generally took three weeks to get a Royal Hunting Party ready for the road, and even then the Kingdom of Arcadia, where the only reliable unicorn-hunting was to be had, was at least two months' journey away. But still . . . King Maxim took a piece of toast and looked out of the window again. "Grand morning," he remarked, "for a hunting trip with the King of Arcadia."

"Why don't you go then, darling?" suggested Delphine.

"Yes, why not?" added Fania ingratiatingly.

"You 'll be back for New Year, I suppose?" asked Gaillardia casually, as who should say, "Are we to wait lunch?"

"Certainly," said the King, adding with sudden generosity, for he was rather staggered at his suggestion having gone over so well, "and, what 's more, I 'll bring each of you back a present."

"Is that a solemn Royal Promise?" asked Fania quickly. She was a very shrewd and calculating young woman.

"Of course," said King Maxim stiffly. "Let me know what you 'd each like."

His daughters at once relapsed into concentrated thought, but it did not take Delphine long to decide. Though their mother had died some while ago, the three Princesses were by no means free of maternal care. The King's aged Aunt Carla saw to that. By calling them a Sacred Charge she managed to interfere pretty successfully in their lives, even down to supervising the making — by a troupe of sour-faced sewing women—of most of their clothes, particularly underclothes, for Aunt Carla had ideas on underclothes, ideas which centred round cast-iron modesty and plain, unadorned linen of the apparent texture of sailcloth. Not that Gaillardia minded much what she wore, and the sharp-witted Fania had worked out that it was well worth her while to put up with it and keep in Aunt Carla's good graces; but Delphine had long pined for laces and silks and at last saw a chance.

"What I want, father——" she began eagerly, but the King was already getting up from the table.

"Plenty of time before I go," he said. "I 've got to give the necessary orders to the Vizier now. And," he went on, pausing at the door, "I think during the next week I 'd better try and put in a little clay-unicorn practice."

A Third Courier

Princess Gaillardia

THE morning of the King's departure for his hunting trip came at last. Servants and officials were everywhere; the courtyard was full of horses, and the King was fussing about as though he were going on at least a couple of wars. A courier had long ago set off to Arcadia with a

Royal Note from King Maxim proposing himself for the year-end; and a second had set off three days later, in case anything happened to the first, for there was a pretty nasty enchanted forest on the way; and a third had set off a day after that, because the second man was not very bright and in his excitement at going at all had completely forgotten to take the Royal Note.

"Now, my dears," said the King to his daughters for the tenth time, "are you sure you 'll be quite happy? And—er—don't forget, if you do catch my State Coachman taking damsels out for joy-trips in the Royal Barouche again, because he thinks I won't find out, give him the sack. Of course," he added, with a great assumption of firmness, "I 'd do it myself if only I were here."

"Yes, father," chorused the Princesses, and Gaillardia added: "Are you taking the Magician? Remember that enchanted forest."

"Yes, he 's going on ahead on a fast carpet. He 's got a couple of new exorcisms."

"You 've got your new invincible sword, haven't you?" asked Fania.

"Don't ask stupid questions, Fania. Of course I ha—hrm! that is—Godolphin!" He turned to a small page, picking his nose in the background, "run and fetch my best Invincible Sword at once. It 's in the Invincible-sword-stand in the Great Hall."

"Aren't you forgetting something else?" put in Fania casually at this point.

"Let 's see," said the King, running his hands over his person. "Flask, sandwiches, infallible ointment against witches, my——" He saw all three daughters looking anxiously at him, and remembered. "Bless my soul! I promised to bring you each back a present, didn't I? Well, what do *you* want, Gaillardia? You 're the eldest."

"A husband," announced his eldest daughter frankly.

"Jumping warlocks!" exclaimed the

Prince Baltan

startled King. "What for?" The Court Treasurer in the background here cleared his throat noisily, and the King fixed the young man with a stony eye for a moment before resuming. "That is, I should say, *what* do you mean?"

"I want you to bring back a Prince to marry me. You gave your solemn promise, you know," she finished in determined fashion.

"Yes, but——" began the King, not quite knowing how to put it. "I mean, I can't guarantee to bring back a *husband*. I mean, I 'll bring back a *Prince*, but whether he 'll —I mean, if I bring back an *unmarried* Prince, will that do?—I mean, well, to be frank," he broke off testily—"you 're not everybody's money, my dear."

"An unmarried Prince will do," snapped Gaillardia.

"All right. Now, what for you?" said King Maxim shortly to Delphine. "A husband too, I suppose?"

"Oh, no, father darling," smiled Delphine. "I want clothes."

"Clothes? Haven't you got enough. Very nice clothes, too. What sort of clothes do you want?"

"Underclothes."

"Eh?"

"Underclothes. You know, shifts and step-ins and knick——"

The King interrupted hastily, "Haven't you got quite a lot of—er—those things, I 'm sure Aunt Carla spares no pains to see you 're well fitted out."

"That 's just it."

This was a new one to the King. He considered. "What do you mean?"

"I 'll show you what I mean, if you like," began Delphine, beginning to do so. She was determined to get what she wanted.

"Stop it at once!" commanded King Maxim, whirling round on the Court Treasurer just too late, for he was watching a sparrow on the lawn with every indication of having been doing so for the last hour. "Really, ever since your dear mother died you seem to have——"

"And they must be silk, with lots of lace," pursued Delphine, following up her advantage. "The capital of Arcadia has some lovely markets, I believe."

"All right! All right!" replied her embarrassed parent. "Just tell me what you want and I 'll——"

"Two dozen best silk nighties, two dozen cami-knickers, a dozen pairs of panties, some brassi——"

"Write it down, I meant," ordered her father sternly, and rounded on Fania with increasing ill-humour. "I wish I 'd never made that infernal promise. Now you, my girl. Hurry up!"

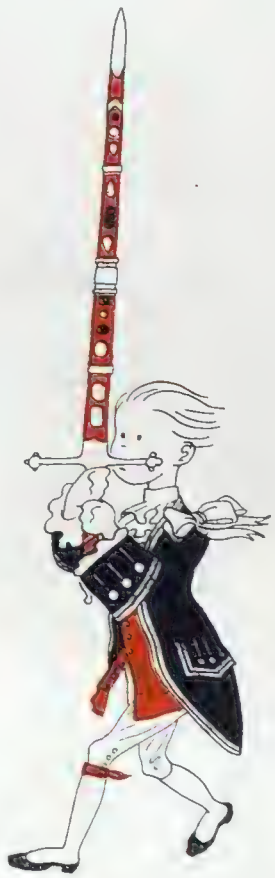
Fania, as has been said, was shrewd. She suddenly saw a way to get well in her father's good graces.

"Nothing," she said lovingly, "except yourself back safe again."

The King had to have this one repeated. It was rather unlike Fania. Then he said, "You mean no present?" He wished to get it quite clear.

"No, I don't want you to bother about getting—er—say, jewellery or anything

Going Ahead on a Fast Carpet



The Invincible Sword Bearer

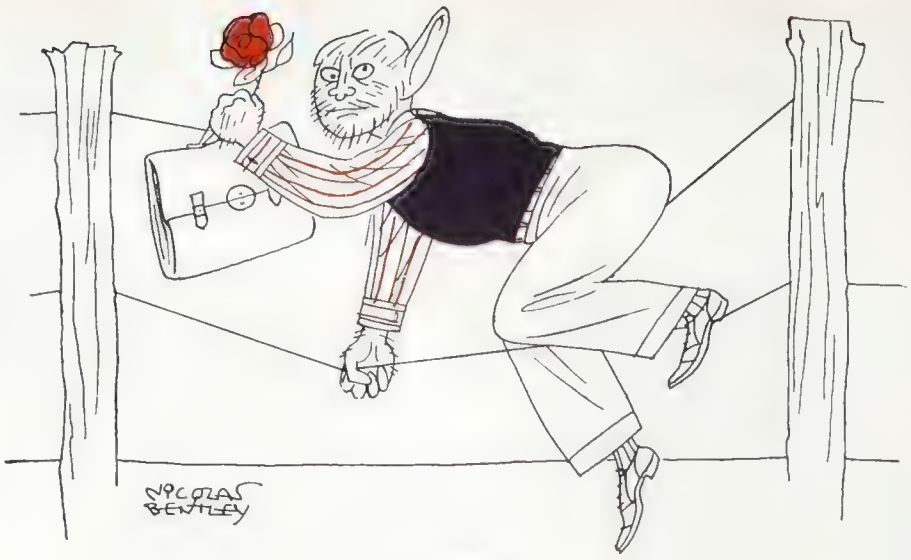
for your little Fania. *I* want you to enjoy yourself."

"Thank you, my dear!" The King beamed. "But is there nothing?"

"Well, if you must bring me *something* —because of your promise—bring a tiny little present that won't cause you time or trouble. Say," she glanced out of the window at the garden, "say just a red rose. As a token."

The King kissed her. "As a token. Very charming! I'm glad *one* of my daughters doesn't think only of what she can get out of her father," he remarked to no one in particular, and made a mental note that for her consideration Fania should receive as good a present as the others. Let's see, hadn't the child inadvertently let slip something about jewellery . . . ?

Gaillardia merely snorted contemptuously. She saw through Fania's game. Delphine said nothing. With shining eyes and pink tongue just showing between her teeth, she was far too busy writing a large List of Underwear Suitable for a Pretty Princess.



Chunk

With a large retinue King Maxim at last departed for Arcadia, and nothing more was heard of him for two days, when a horseman turned up asking for the King's third-best unicorn-spear which he'd left on the palace steps while mounting his horse.

Thereafter everything went swimmingly for the expedition. The enchanted forest, thanks to the Magician's exorcisms, offered no more difficulties than an ordinary one; the King of Arcadia was delighted to see his friend; and the very first day out Maxim notably brought down with a right and left spear a fine brace of unicorn actually advancing fiercely upon him. (He talked about it for years afterwards, the unicorn getting fiercer and larger and their charge swifter and more menacing—and never knew that they were tame ones specially released in his honour from the Royal Zoo the day before, their charge being merely a hurried amble in his direction in the hope of the pieces of biscuit they had been led to expect.)

Time, indeed, passed so pleasantly that it was not till nearly his last day he suddenly remembered that he had still to get his daughters' presents.

"By the way, Arcadia," he asked his host that evening, over an after-dinner stoup, "you don't know of a suitable Prince round here wanting to marry and settle down, do you?"

"Shouldn't tell you if I did; I've got three daughters to work off myself," pointed out the King of Arcadia with frankness.

"Quite so. I—er—just wondered. You see, I promised——" and he told the other all about the three gifts. "I did try yesterday to buy one or two of the—er—things my second daughter, Delphine, wanted"—he blushed at the recollection—"but the people in the market didn't seem to understand why *I* wanted them. And when they started showing me iron buckets with holes in them, fixed on tripods, I felt there must be some mistake. I mean, I feel sure no girls wear things like that, in these days. But it was on Delphine's list."

"Let me see." Maxim showed him. "Oh!" he laughed. "You must have asked for 'braziers.' Quite a different thing. These things are—well, it's difficult to explain. I tell you what. My second daughter I know—that is, I'm told—has similar tastes to yours—that is, your daughter. Leave it to her to fix for you to-morrow. She'll love it. As long as," he said pointedly, "you pay cash. She's too good at running up accounts as it is, and I'm always getting stung."

King Maxim agreed so enthusiastically that the other made a note to tell his daughter she might try slipping a few things for herself in the account as well.

"Your rose," he went on, "should be easy. Of course, they're a little scarce over here, but you'll pick up one on the way home; and as for the Prince—now I come to think of it, there *is*, of course, Prince Baltan, who's staying with us, but—well—he hasn't been quite himself for a long while."

"Dippy?"

"No. A spell. Tell me, which daughter is he for? The ugly one?"

"In certain lights," began King Maxim loyally, "she's——"

"Oh, quite, quite! You know, I think Prince Baltan might suit."

"Where is he?"

"Staying in our rock-garden. He—er—well, he's a toad at the moment. Been a toad for years, to tell the truth."

"A toad. What on earth will Gaillardia say."

"Let her say what she likes—you'll have kept your promise. And you won't get another Prince—even here. I mean, the moment you start asking, they'll guess there's a catch."

"Yes," admitted Maxim sadly. "As a matter of fact there are several in our neighbourhood, Prince Charming of Zooltan and so on, but they hardly ever visit. I mean, even though Delphine's attractive enough they're afraid that Gaillardia will—well, you know what I mean?"

"I do," replied the King of Arcadia. "Unmarried Princes are far more wary than they were in our young days——"

(Continued on page 1)

She was so Proud of her Present

"WHITE LABEL, sir, to refresh you."
White Label
Dewar & Sons
Perth
DEWAR'S
Christmas Cheer
Dewar's "White Label"
Superior Whisky that Never Varies
DEWAR'S
"White Label"

Christmas Market : By Relf

The Jessingham Ghost

By Walter R. Brooks

ONCE there was a family ghost by the name of Lady Elizabeth Jessingham. She had been murdered by her husband Sir George Jessingham for good and sufficient reason in 1478 and after she had got over the shock of her death had taken to haunting the family mansion. She had thought it was the least she could do for a family which she had disgraced. She was a good and efficient haunter and the family were well satisfied with her.

Well the first three hundred years were easy but then the Jessinghams had a row with the King who seized Jessingham Towers and cut Sir Hugh Jessingham's head off. Lady Jessingham and her young son escaped and emigrated to America and Lady Elizabeth went along. During the next hundred and fifty years she followed the fortunes of the family haunting in succession a variety of houses in Boston Providence and finally New York. Her haunting was usually done in a very distinguished manner with charming and mournful-eyed appearances in trailing draperies and without sound-effects such as groans or screams though she could be vulgar enough on occasion as, for instance when the family did not pay her the respect or attention which she felt was due to her. Then she would curse them in words that would make an Admiral blench for she had a store of early English invective of an incredible coarseness learned from the Jessinghams and their house guests over several centuries. But on the whole she gave satisfaction for there was nothing slipshod about her haunting and she always appeared at least once every night.

THE last house that Lady Elizabeth haunted was on East 54th Street. Then on the death of his parents in 1934 Edward George Jessingham VI moved into an apartment on Park Avenue. He was handsome and had plenty of money and if life was real life was earnest the fact had somehow escaped him. Still he was at times aware of a faint uneasiness which he thought was ambition though it may just as well have been acidosis or one of those things you read about in the backs of magazines. At such times he would wonder vaguely if he oughtn't perhaps to go into something.

Well one night Edward had a headache and came home early and as he let himself in he saw Lady Elizabeth glide into the hall. He waved his hand to her and went into his bedroom and shut the door but she peeped through the keyhole and said Edward I must speak to you. Edward had thrown off his coat and vest and was slipping off his suspenders. Shoot he said. Kindly observe the proprieties said Lady Elizabeth for this is serious. Edward said Can't it wait? I've got a headache but she said No so he put on his coat and sighed and sat down and then she told him that she was going to change her methods of haunting.

She said It is perfectly useless for me to go on haunting this apartment for even when you are in town you never get home before daylight and she said it is undignified for me to keep on appearing night after night to empty rooms where there is no one to frighten or impress. And so she said in the future I shall haunt you personally. Well but the rooms are not always empty said Edward. How about that party two weeks ago? Very enjoyable said Lady Elizabeth although your friends all mistook me for one of the guests. Why she said that young Mr. Prosser even . . . And she broke off and smiled reminiscently and then she frowned again and said But that was an exception. Well well said Edward you must suit yourself. I shall said Lady Elizabeth but I wished to notify you. Which you have said Edward. And now can I go to bed? So Lady Elizabeth said Yes and vanished and he did.

So along toward midnight every night Lady Elizabeth began appearing wherever Edward happened to be. But at first nobody paid much attention to her. A lady who glides moaning through the bar of an exclusive restaurant or sweeps silently through a group of gay people at a penthouse party does not attract much notice no matter how archaic her costume. But Lady Elizabeth was equal to that. She began to do her gliding a good foot above the floor and she soon found that that caused quite a lot of terror. She panicked three or four good parties and caused two conversions and any amount of assorted hysterics.

She had been murdered by her husband in 1478

AT first nobody connected the ghost with Edward. He paid no attention to her when she appeared and of course she never spoke directly to him unless they were alone. But pretty soon people began to notice that it was only when he was around that there were phenomena. And at last a couple of his friends came to see him about it. For not only were a lot of his acquaintances going on the water wagon but servants were giving notice in droves. A joke's a joke they said but it's got to stop. It isn't a joke said Edward. It's our family ghost. Well whatever it is they said we don't like it and you quit.

Well Edward knew there was no use arguing with Lady Elizabeth. She'd only get mad and make him listen to a lot of Tudor bad language and then like as not turn into a black dog and howl all night. And he was wondering what he had better do when Persis

Hawtrey called up and said she had just got back from somewhere or other and would he come out to Long Island for the week end.

There wasn't much of Persis but what there was was just pure flame as far as Edward was concerned. She had a face and figure as delicate as porcelain and a will of chilled steel. What she wanted she got. Edward hoped she wanted him and had given her an option but she had a lot more options on file. Anyway he went.

WELL everything went fine. Persis had made up her mind that Edward was what she needed and before the evening was over she told him so. But when he was dressing next morning a note from her was brought to him and it said Come to my room I have something to say to you.

Well Edward's heart began to flop around in his chest like a frog in a barrel and he ran down the hall and tapped and went in. Persis was sitting up in bed and she said I 've ordered your car brought round and you can pack up and get out. Edward started a wise-crack and then he saw how big her pupils were and he stopped and said Why you mean it! You bet I mean it! said Persis. O you needn't look so innocent. I saw her myself. Saw who? said Edward and Persis said That girl going into your room last night. I suppose she was one of the maids for nobody else would wear a nightgown like that. And then Edward laughed and said Why that was Lady Elizabeth. But Persis thought he was trying to be funny and she jumped out of bed looking very pretty but mad and grabbed a thermos jug and threw it at him. And she said You get out of here before I kill you.

Now the code for family ghosts is pretty strict. It is not the thing to appear during daytime except when a member of the family is in grave peril. As to what constitutes peril it is up to the ghost to decide. This looked a lot like peril to Lady Elizabeth for in her day when people said kill they meant it so she materialised at once in the corner of the room and gave a groan.

Persis looked round and said Why who are you? How did you get in here? And then she said Why you 're the one! Yes said Lady Elizabeth I am the Jessingham family ghost. O yeah? said Persis. Then get ready to do your stuff for if you 're not out of here in three seconds I am going to throw this glass at you. But Lady Elizabeth just smiled in a superior way and said As you will madam. So Persis threw the glass and it went right through the ghost and smashed on the wall and Persis stared for a moment and then flung herself at Edward and clung to him with her nose in his neck. So Edward didn't think that he had to do anything and he just clung back.

Well this isn't getting us anywhere said Lady Elizabeth and if you will listen to me a moment madam. So Persis shuddered a little and then Lady Elizabeth went on and explained to her about her position in the Jessingham family and the haunting code and so on. And she said I gather that my young descendant wants to marry you and I wish you to know that I have no objection to you. O haven't you! said Persis taking her nose out of Edward's neck. Well I have to you. Why she said we could never be alone together with you popping in at all hours of the night. You 'll soon get used to me said Lady Elizabeth. O no I won't said Persis for I am not going to marry a man who can't even go to bed without having his greatgrandmother in the room. For that 's what it amounts to she said. It is one of the burdens of high lineage said Lady Elizabeth. Then somebody else can bear it said Persis for noblesse oblige is all right but it has no place on a honeymoon.

Well Edward went back to town and he was pretty glum and why shouldn't he be? But there must he said be some way of getting rid of that old hellion. So he went home and thought. He wasn't used to thinking and it gave him a headache but he kept right on and finally an idea rose to the surface with a plop. And that night he went out and got thoroughly boiled and picked a fight in a restaurant and hit a waiter and then he tied a napkin around his head and called the faithful to prayer from the top of his table. And when he got home the next day after paying his fine he put a compress on his eye and went straight to bed.

Lady Elizabeth just smiled in a superior way

WELL he was worn out and he slept right through dinner time but a little before midnight he woke up. And there was Lady Elizabeth and she was smiling at him. It was the first time he had ever seen her smile. And she said Bravo my boy a true Jessingham. Eh? said Edward. You reminded me so much last night of my dear husband she said. Or even of Fulk fourth Baronet Jessingham. He used to beat up the watch regularly once a week. Eh it reminds me of old times. But Edward gave a groan and turned over and closed his eyes.

But just the same he didn't give up hope and he thought some more. And he realised that he had been a fool to think

that he could discourage Lady Elizabeth by scandalous behaviour. If she had been a middle or lower class ghost with middle or lower class standards it would be easy. But the Jessinghams had always been gentlemen and there was practically no limit to what he could get away with. Even crimes were no good. He would gladly commit murder to get Persis but he was sure that Lady Elizabeth would warmly applaud a good murder. After all she had been murdered herself. And rape theft and arson were perfectly consistent with her standards of gentility. He might plot treason against the King but there wasn't any king handy and if he plotted against Mr. Roosevelt he felt sure that with her reactionary mediæval ideas she could only approve. Certainly a blot on the scutcheon would drive her away but he realised that it was going to be some job to put a blot on his family scutcheon that would stick. Noblesse oblige my eye he said. It ought to be noblesse excuse.

Illustrations by Ledoux

And he had on pink sleeve garters

Well it took him a week to think of something but he did finally. It came to him all at once one evening as he was starting to dine with Mrs. Hamerton Giles. And he went back and changed his white tie for a black one and then he thought a few minutes and took off his black shoes and put brown ones on. And then he went and borrowed something from the elevator boy. And then he went.

WELL it was a large dinner party and quite a high-grade one too for Mrs. Hamerton Giles was a social climber who had recently arrived and so all her guests were irreproachable. And so when Edward appeared they all even Mrs. Hamerton Giles who was a lady by conviction if not by birth behaved as if nothing dreadful had happened. The drawing room was like a dungeon of the French Terror when the jailer arrives to tick off the condemned for the day. They were all quiveringly aware of Edward but they went right on with their talk as if he didn't exist. And Mrs. Hamerton Giles gave him a cold nod and slipped out to change his place at table.

Well this wasn't much fun but Edward was determined to do the thing right and so at dinner he committed as many small solecisms as possible. Of course he didn't whoosh his soup or tuck his napkin under his chin or eat with his knife for then he would be in danger of becoming a gentleman again. It is difficult to steer the middle course that constitutes complete vulgarity. But he twice used the wrong spoon and he wiped his face with his napkin. And between courses he picked his teeth. He had decided against that at first but then he thought if he did it behind his napkin it was the thing to do.

WELL the whole dinner went on that way and nobody even looked at Edward though he had known most of them for years. After dinner there was music but Edward waited only long enough to blow his nose just as Madame Pellagra was reaching for a high one and to compliment Mrs. Hamerton Giles loudly on the beauty of her curtains which he called drapes and then he went home.

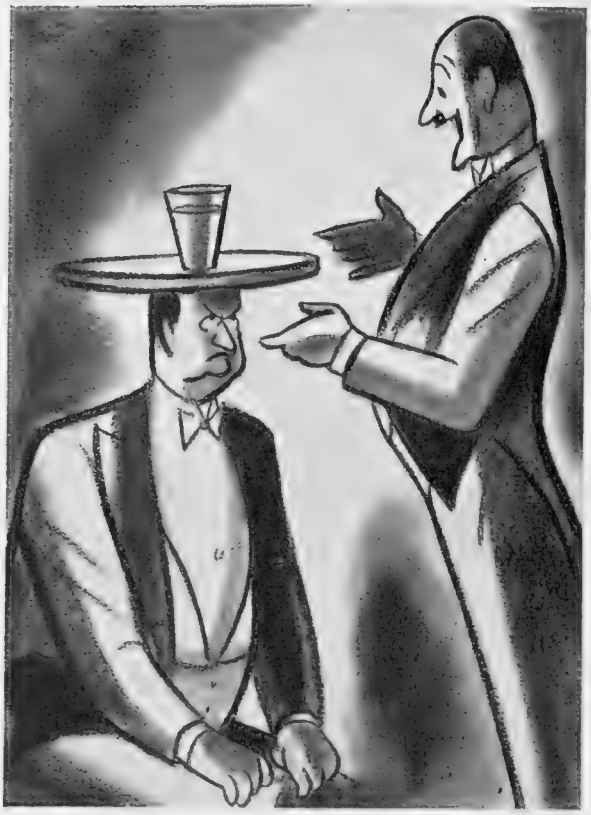
About an hour after he got there Lady Elizabeth showed up. She didn't say anything. She just hovered in a dark corner and looked at his shoes and at his tie and there was so much horror and disgust in her expression that he almost told her the truth. For after all she was his grandmother a couple or dozen times removed. But he thought of Persis and hardened his heart and he took off his coat and sat there in his shirtsleeves. And he had on pink sleeve garters. And Lady Elizabeth began to flap and shake as if she was hanging on the line in a thunderstorm and then she gave a terrible deep groan and vanished.

WELL Edward waited a week because he wanted to be sure. But Lady Elizabeth didn't come back. So he went out and told Persis and she said O K and the next month they were married. And Lady Elizabeth who had been present in the form of a small white dove at the wedding of every Jessingham for nearly 500 years didn't come. And then Edward was sure that he had got rid of her at last. But he hadn't. For when Edward George Jessingham VII was born she came back and began haunting him. But Persis didn't care any more.

THE END.

BETTER UN-

CAP COVETER



TRICKSTER

BALLOON BURSTER

WET BLANKET

INVITED : By Frank Ford

CLUMSY PLAYER

MISTLETOE FIEND

WINE BIBBER

STAYER

Decorations by Eric Fraser

That evening he talked once again with his three uncles

" Felida's business manager kidnapped me at the point of a pistol "

" Six scenario writers made Joan of Arc marry Dunois "

Hugo's Return

Being an Epilogue to " How Like an Angel "

By A. G. Macdonell

THE giant aeroplane roared nobly across the deserts of Irak and the mountains of the Hindoo Koosh, over the Bay of Bengal and the European Club in Rangoon, past the fretted temples of Ankor and across the shark-ridden sea of Macassar, until it sank at length upon the lagoon of Kalataheira, magic island of coral and cocoanut. Hugo Bechstein Smith had come home.

That evening he sat in his old chair, beneath the old accustomed palm-tree, with his old gourd of arrack-punch in his hand, and talked once again with his three uncles. It seemed as if nothing had changed since the happy days before Hugo had been rescued from the island by the American yacht and had gone forth alone into the strange new world of civilisation. The macaws and parakeets glittered as brightly as ever in the tree-tops, and the coral reef lay translucently across the lagoon. The twilight was murmurous as of old with the humming of insects and the whispered talk of the natives. Only Uncle René, one-time theological student at the University of Aix-en-Provence and missionary in the French Marquesas, was being fanned by a new native girl as she sat languorously upon his knee.

But although it seemed that nothing had changed, one thing had changed, and that was Hugo himself. He had left the island a boy three months ago, eager, shy, gay, romantic. He had come back a man. Uncle René, being a Frenchman, sensed the change. Uncle Hans, formerly Lutheran Pastor in German Samoa, sensed nothing, and as for the Reverend Eustace Smith, he was so deliriously excited at hearing, for the first time for more than twenty-five years, news of the first-class County Cricket Championship, that he had no thoughts for anything else. It was in April 1914 that the three missionaries, and the baby Hugo, had been shipwrecked on Kalataheira, and the Reverend Eustace had never even known who won the Championship that year, let alone heard of any of the sensational and stirring events of later years.

So when Uncle René murmured thoughtfully, " So Alsace-Lorraine is French again ? " Uncle Eustace interrupted with a little impatience : " And you say that the Australians objected to this—what did you say his name was ?—Larwood ?—when he bowled very fast at their leg-stump ? "

And when burly, genial Uncle Hans threw up his arms in amazement and cried, " Germany a Republic ! Gott in Himmel ! Eustace, do you hear that ? ", the English clergyman brushed him aside and said : " Trumper and Noble weren't afraid of the fastest bowling."

After a little the Frenchman and the German gave up the struggle and left the field clear for the Reverend

Eustace. They saw that it would be useless to try to discover what was happening in the world until the bowling and batting averages for the last few years had been fully dissected and analysed.

At last Uncle Eustace's passionate thirst for information was assuaged. He had gained a bird's-eye view of the characters, personalities, and achievements of Messrs. Jardine, Bradman, Hammond, Sutcliffe, and the other post-war heroes; he had heard how the Dominions Office and the M.C.C. had saved the Empire from disruption by arranging that Australia should win the Ashes by defeating England's Second Eleven in a Test match; he had grasped the new l.b.w. rule. Calling for another bowl of punch and refilling his pipe, the big parson lay back in his long chair to meditate on all that he had been told.

René Forgeron stopped stroking the dark hair of his girl and looked across at Hugo with a quizzical smile on his thin, alert, Van Dyck-bearded face.

"We have not changed very much, you see, little Hugo," he said. "But you, you have changed a great deal."

"Yes, Uncle René," replied the young man thoughtfully, "I think I have."

"And what has done it in so short a time?"

"The world is a very queer place," said Hugo slowly.

"Tell us what happened."

Hugo, his brain still buzzing in confusion after his experiences in the lands of progress and civilisation, tried to marshal his ideas.

"Well," he began at last, "you remember when you were educating me here, Uncle Eustace told me that Woman's place is on a pedestal, and Uncle Hans said her place was in the kitchen, and you, Uncle René, said it was in bed——"

"Quite, quite," interrupted the Reverend Eustace, starting out of his reverie. "Your Uncle René is not always in the best of taste."

"We Frenchmen are never gentlemen," murmured René slyly.

"Go on, Hugo," said Hans with a great guffaw.

"Well, I think that all of you may have been right," said Hugo apologetically, "but the trouble was that I always used the wrong gambit. I mean, I put the wrong woman on the pedestal, and tried to shove the wrong one into the kitchen, and tried——"

"Tried?" put in René, cocking an eyebrow.

"Yes, yes, yes, quite so," interrupted Eustace again, a blush mantling his classic features.

"But how did you manage to meet all these ladies in so short a time?" enquired Uncle Hans with distinct admiration in his deep voice.

"Quick worker, quick worker," purred Uncle René approvingly.

Uncle Eustace sat bolt upright in alarm. "You were properly introduced to them, my child?" he exclaimed. "Oh, I do trust you were properly introduced to them!"

"Tell us the worst," said René with a twinkle. "What happened?"

"I will tell you what happened," replied Hugo, draining his arrack-punch.

"It appears," said Hugo, "that I am first cousin to, and an exact replica of, a certain Michael Seeley, a film star."

"A film star?" said René, wrinkling his forehead.

"Yes. A leading actor on the cinema. Michael Seeley was to have gone on a publicity tour in Europe with his wife, Felida Caliente, also a film star. Seeley disliked Felida——"

"His wife?" interjected Eustace. "Tut, tut!"

"And so he bolted. Felida's business manager—a Persian called Arthur Ed. Dowley," added Hugo bitterly, "kidnapped me at the point of a pistol and made me act as if I was Seeley."

"And I trust," said René, "that in that position you made the best use of my advice?"

"I am confident," said Eustace

"What!" shrieked René, sitting up so suddenly that . . .

"Beethoven was made a conductor of a jazz dance orchestra who marries Goethe's youngest daughter"

"He had spent sixteen weeks doing nothing"

"The love story of a professional boxer and a duchess on the upper reaches of the Amazon"

"Altered it to the love story of Wellington and Blücher's daughter"

" No kisses allowed at a flatter angle than 33 degrees from the horizontal "

" The Resident Plastic Surgeon creates a film face for her "

sternly, " that you did nothing of the kind."

Hugo hung his head. " I tried," he admitted, shamefacedly, " but it didn't work."

René started. " And she a Spaniard ! " he exclaimed.

" No. She was English. Her real name was Maud Maggs."

" Ah ! That explains it," said Eustace with a sigh of relief.

" It does, indeed," murmured René, with another sigh.

" Go on," said Hans.

" You see," continued Hugo, " the film world is different from the theatre. Everyone is strictly moral in the film world, and nothing ever happens without a marriage certificate."

" Mon Dieu ! " exclaimed M. René Forgeron, going pale.

" Bravo ! " cried Eustace, clapping.

" Go on," said Hans.

" I cannot tell you," said Hugo, " what a strange world I found myself in. It is difficult enough to grasp the intricacies of it, even when you have seen them for yourself. At second-hand they may sound perplexing. But I will do my best.

" In the first place, the film studios are scattered in a ring round North and West London, and are exclusively populated by Hungarians, Germans, Russians, Poles, Austrians, and Americans."

" But where are the British ? " asked the Rev. Eustace indignantly.

" In America," answered Hugo. " It appears that there is a wood of holly trees in America in which all their studios are discreetly hidden, and it is there that the British work. But there are no British at Denham or Elstree or Shepherd's Bush."

" What sort of subjects do they make films about ? " asked Hans. All three missionaries were keenly interested in this strange new art.

" Any sort of subject," replied Hugo. " But there is one very odd rule which must be observed. Only one subject can be used at a time. Thus, if one company wishes to produce a film about, say, Mary, Queen of Scots, it has to arrange that all the other companies produce films about Mary, Queen of Scots."

" How very strange ! " remarked René. " What is the reason for that ? "

" So far as I could make out, it is simply a benevolent desire of the film magnates to let each in on to good things. If one has a brilliant and original idea for a film about Nelson, he wants all his colleagues to produce films about Nelson at the same moment, so that all may benefit."

" Very right and proper," said Eustace.

" Very unbusinesslike," said Hans.

" Human nature," said René, " seems to have changed a lot since my day."

" But if there are no British in the London studios," objected Eustace, " who writes the stories about Mary, Queen of Scots or Nelson ? No foreigner could ever understand or appreciate the immortal story of Nelson."

" When I was in London," replied Hugo, " four film stories — or scenarios, as they are called—were being written about Nelson by Austrians, two by Wallachians, one by a Bessarabian, one by a Bashkir, one by a Kirghiz, and two by Mongolians."

" But—but—but," stammered Uncle Eustace, " what do Bessarabians and Kirghiz and Mongolians know about Nelson ? "

René smiled gently at his English friend's annoyance.

" Oh, you don't have to know anything to write a scenario," answered Hugo. " Why, when they did the sixteen films about Joan of Arc last April, four of them made her the daughter of Charles the Eighth, and six of them gave it a happy ending and made her marry Dunois."

" What ! " shrieked René, sitting up so suddenly that his dusky girl was tumbled off his knee on to the ground. It was the turn of Hans to laugh at the Frenchman. The latter turned on him in pretended rage. " It would rejoice my heart to hear that they took liberties with Goethe or Beethoven."

Continued on page 68

Sold everywhere at 6d per ¼-lb. and in 1-lb., ½-lb. and ¼-lb. tins and packets.

Made by John Mackintosh and Sons. Limited, Toffee Town, Halifax.

6D.

BY MAYS

Fair and Warmer

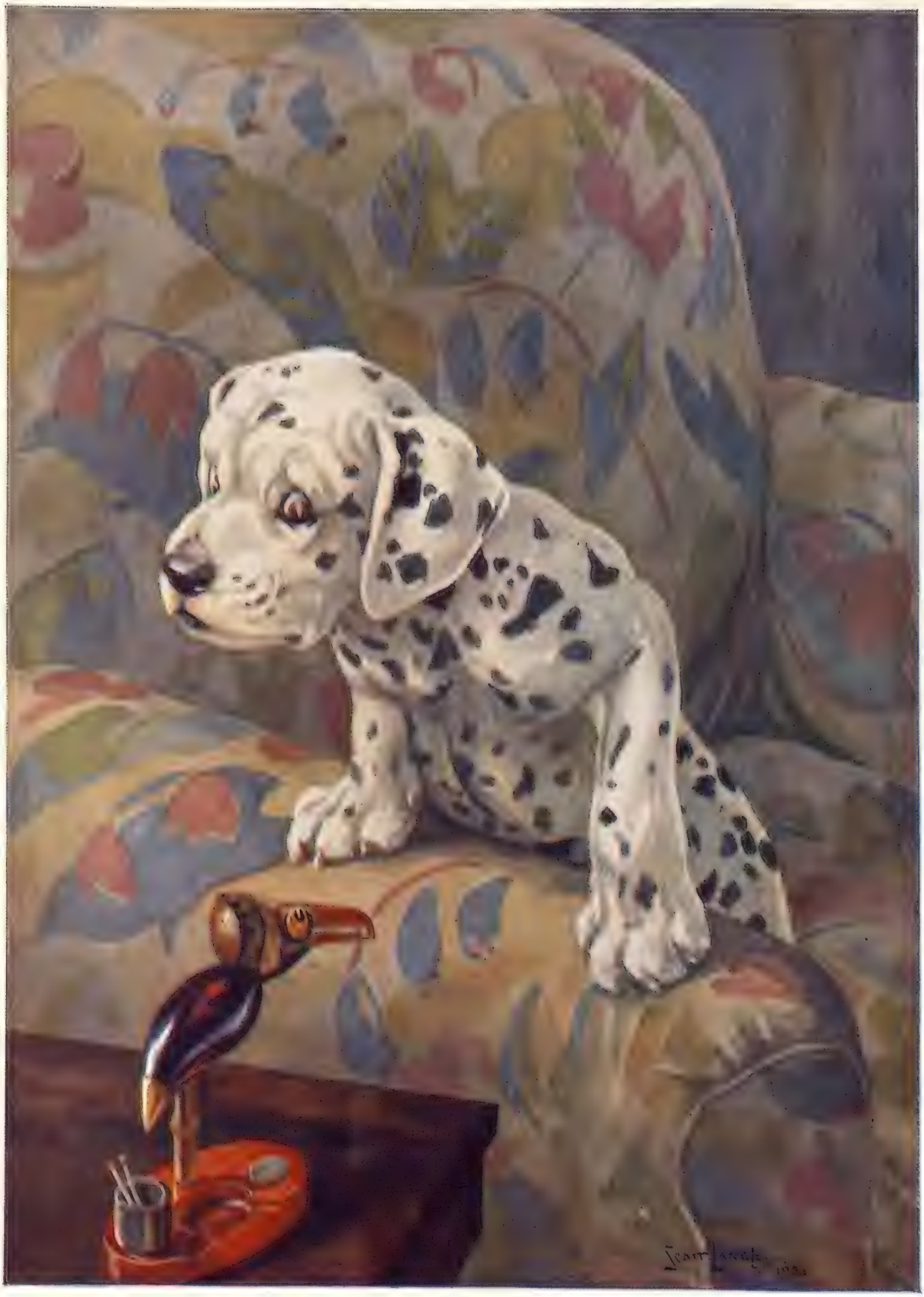
What May Happen If Christmas Weather Keeps On Getting Milder

BY BOTTERILL

Between the Devil and the Deep

"THE SHOW IS ON!"

From the painting by DAME LAURA KNIGHT, R.A., in this year's Royal Academy Exhibition



BY SCOTT LANGLEY

The Plum Pudding Dog: "Are You the Turkey?"

Gay Christmas Tins . . .

. . . that are gayer inside!

Biscuits are such a useful present; everyone enjoys them. Why not choose one of these five delightful assortments by Huntley & Palmers for each of your friends?

COCKTAIL VARIETIES
If you have particularly enjoyed a cocktail party, give your hostess a present of Cocktail Varieties. A charming compliment, and a useful gift as well. **2/6**

ASSORTED CHOCOLATE (Oval Violets Tin). This for the children, who always delight in chocolate biscuits. **2/4**

TREASURE TIN
A delicious assortment of sweet Biscuits. **3/6**

RIDE-A-COCK-HORSE
Young children will love the pictures on these jolly iced biscuits. **2/3**

JOHN O'GROATS SHORTBREAD
A golden brown shortbread. **2/-**

made by

HUNTLEY & PALMERS

so you know they're the best

'Vantella' shirts with 'Van Heusen' curve woven semi-stiff cuffs and neckbands in zephyr 9/3, Poplin de luxe 10/6. 'Van Heusen' semi-stiff curve woven collars to match at 1/3 each always obtainable. From all good outfitters. Cotella Ltd., 72/73 Fore Street, London, E.C.2.

Her shorts were very short . . . . nails very red

The Tailor

A Riviera Anecdote of a Debt That Wasn't Paid

By Geoffrey Moss

"MEN are so funny."

"How?"

"Just they are."

"Comic, you mean? Or just odd?"

"Don't be so tiresome. Just funny. That 's what I said, wasn't it? Anyhow, give me a light."

"Here."

"Thanks, frightfully."

"There was a tailor, such a comic little man. He had one leg quite all right, normal length, etcetera. And the other all short and twisted. It made him walk like a tall man and a short one tied together in a three-legged race. You see?"

"Perfectly clear."

She kept leaning forward on her high stool, peering about her and frowning while she talked, as though remembering what she was saying was an effort. She was still not more than twenty-five. Her shorts were very short—the fashion of the year—nails very red. I knew nothing about her except that she was one of the party I had been dining with that night and her standards must take care of themselves.

"He was a funny little man. Charlie Chaplin moustache—these people never seem to get tired of them, do they? Have you noticed? And he walked like a crab. It was along the coast, further along, that way. The first time I was with him he was in an ordinary suit. That looks comic, too, out here in summer. A black suit. Pale people always seem to get hold of black suits. He was just the sort of little thing you see at a desk at the back of your bank when you drift in about your overdraft. You know?"

"It has happened."

"I 'd noticed some pyjamas in the window. Copper-coloured, fishermen's stuff. I used to wear that and dark blue tops that summer. He came out from behind at the back of the shop, all in black, all small and limping. The stuff was a dream. You couldn't crease it. You know. Yet it was real fishermen's stuff. I ordered two pairs. I 'm small. It 's a curse some ways. He hadn't any my size. Said he 'd make them for the same. I said 'Yes,' and we called that a day.

"I had my *essayage*. He limped round and gambled about. He took the hell of a lot of trouble. I was nice. The stuff was absolutely perfect. He had it in blue, too. Between the colours. Sort of cornflower. Very nice. I ordered a pair and a wrap-over skirt and a *vareuse*. You know, a sort of sailor's blouse."

"Yes, I know."

"That meant another *essayage*. So I went in that evening on the way to the Casino. I was in a hurry for the things. One is out here. He must have worked like a beaver. He had the copper breeks ready—they hung beautifully. The blue ones were in the rough. It was a special night at the Casino and I was wearing a no-back evening dress. So when I was waiting to step into the things he 'd made I was standing there in the next-to-nothings I was wearing under it. An awful top light in the little room at the back of the shop, and he kept hobbling round me with his big black eyes and his chalky face. That was the first time I 'd noticed he was a man at all. It came to me all of a sudden,

the way it does. And I pulled up the blue breeks and did them up. Yes, I 'll have another. The same. Thanks, frightfully.

" He was nice. He knew I 'd felt that, and when I was going to take them off again he went out into the shop. I could hear him there, whistling through his teeth. I 'd never thought about it with a tailor before. I don't know why one doesn't.

" Next day I suppose the copper-coloured ones were finished. I went and put them on to walk away in. I paid for them on the nail. It was quite a tiny shop, you see. When I paid he took a sort of gulp and asked if I 'd accept a little knitted hat that went with them, and I said ' Yes, of course. I 'd be honoured.' And we were both honoured, and that was how that ended.

" Then one day when I was bathing with my crowd I saw him. It was before lunch, when the *plage* is fullest. He wasn't mingling with the people on the sand or anything like that : just keeping behind and watching. He hadn't got on his black,—a striped vest and the blue trousers they wear. Just as chalky and as like-a-microbe-in-a-cellar as ever, of course. I saw him and I remembered the little hat. I used to wear it dancing at the Escale. It was perfect. I don't know what happened to it. So I waved to him and he bowed. Quite as he should, his shop bow, as though I 'd ordered another suit.

" I had the blue outfit soon after that. Between the shades. Cornflower, I think you 'd call it. Went with the sand and the sun. Perfect. I took a lot of people to his shop. We were a crowd that year. He used to give me presents when I 'd taken people there. I 've got some of the *foullards* he gave me still. One I never get sick of. White with anchors and mermaids and sailors with their arms linked. Blue and red on white. And he gave me, another time, a belt with an anchor fastening and a sort of patent leather bucket to hold bathing things. And he used to watch me with good-dog-Tray eyes. He was nice and nice-looking in a sort of way. Only he was small and bleached-looking, and that seems twice as wrong out here, where everyone 's brown. The limp didn't seem to matter, once you 'd got used to it. It was more as though he always had a bicycle with him. You understand ? His legs were just a bit like the comic tramp's bicycle they have in a French circus.

" I saw him in the evening sometimes. Not that he came to the sort of places one went to—except the Casino, and that 's a sort of place where there are all sorts, and it 's different. But he used to hang about outside the other places. Never a nuisance or anything conspicuous. Don't get that idea. Only if one came out from dancing for a breath of God's good air, he was there—not always, just sometimes. In the shadows, almost out of sight. But one knew he 'd been watching. I used to wave to him or nod or something. And he used to give his little shop bow and used to trundle off on those comic legs of his, for all the world as if they 'd been a circus tramp's bicycle. You know, with oval wheels that made him go up and down as he went along.

So I waved to him

" One night I talked to him. It was over the water, at St. Tropes. We always called St. Tropez ' St. Tropes ' to make it rhyme with ' hopes.' One likes names to rhyme with something. We had one about St. Tropes—

> ' An admiral there was at St. Tropes
> Whose wife quite exceeded his hopes.

I forget how it went on, but it was rather good. Anyhow, it was at St. Tropes, and Billy and I—I don't suppose you know him. He 's rather a sweet, but we fought like hell. That night we were at it all the time, dancing. Presently I 'd had enough and I walked out of the place. There were all the sailors and townspeople promenading on the quay and peering in over those movable hedges they put round the fronts of the restaurants to shut them in from the people outside. It was a pitch-black night. The people looked pale, staring into the lights of the bars and places. And behind them the masts of the boats and the night. Still. You know. It can be quite beautiful over there at nights, I think.

" And there behind the rest at the edge of the quay was my tailor. I nodded and he bowed. I waved a couple of fingers and he bowed again. I slipped through the sailors and people and went over to him. I could feel Billy coming out of the place to look for me. That 's why I did it. The tailor was over by the edge of the quay, where it was all dark and big wine-barrels lying about and the lights reflected in the water. I stood there talking to him. God knows what I talked about. I wanted to give Billy a lesson and I stayed there quite a time. When I got back Billy had gone off round the *boites* of the town to look for me. And for an hour or so after that he would have eaten out of my hand.

" The season went on. It kept going on that year. Things were better then. We 'd come early, somewhere quite at the beginning of July, and the last of us stayed on till the end of September. Of course, I got a lot more things at my tailor's. Firstly, he cut divinely. Secondly, one didn't have to pay him on the nail. I did pay straight off for the things I had all the first bit. Then I didn't. You see, I 'd come out with a certain amount, and if I 'd kept writing for more they 'd have wanted to know when I was coming back. While if one waits till the end before writing, they 've got to send something for one to get back with. So, with the hotel to settle each week I just didn't have the money for the things I 'd got. You see how it happened.

" The tailor didn't bother. Only when I went in to get sandals—he used to sell those, too—I used to feel a little bit awkward. He was nice. Once he sent up some flowers with some things I left to be pressed. He said they were from his own garden, but I don't believe he had one. And he used to watch me dancing, or bathing, or whatever it was. He didn't want anything. He was just there, like a dog one has left outside.

" Then it was time to go, and then I did feel awkward. You see, he cut divinely, and I didn't know just what I was going to wear that autumn, so I looked out in the fashion papers a bit and he and I worked out two or three of the trimmest little tailor-mades I ever had. They were ready ; I was clearing out. And I went round with another girl to fetch them in a car. He didn't say anything. I just felt awkward. So I said, ' And the bill ? ' Off he went into the back and was there a long time. Presently he came back and there he had it, made out. He hadn't charged half enough for lots of the things I 'd had. Still, it was the hell of a lot, and I just

couldn't foot it. I don't suppose I showed it. Still, he must have guessed. You see, at first I 'd paid on the nail : then only after a bit ; then little bits on account ; then not at all. It was awkward. He felt awkward, too. He kept peddling about behind the counter, going up and down, and up and down, on those circus-bicycle legs of his. Then he cleared his throat and said if I 'd agree he would like to regard the bill as a present and tear it up.

" Of course, that I couldn't do. Obvious ? It is, isn't it ? So I thanked him very much and all that but said I 'd give him a cheque. So I wrote one out. Though how it was going to be met I hadn't an idea. And we said good-bye and he put the things in the car, and that was the end of that.

" Of course, once I got back things were inkier even than I 'd thought. And after coming out here for a month and staying ten weeks I couldn't ask them for any more. So when the cheque came in and the bank wrote to me about it, I went round to see them. The manager of my department said ' What about it ? And how was it going to be paid ? ' And I said it needn't be. And he said ' Oh ? '— as if he was saying ' And how 's that ? ' And I had to put up something, and so I said it had been paid for, only they 'd sent in the bill twice and it must have been a mistake. But that it had been at the last minute and I hadn't noticed and I 'd made out another cheque. So he said they would have the cheque returned and say the bill it was for had been paid already.

" Of course, I felt mean. But would you have thought that would have made the little tailor go in off the deep end ? After all, he had offered to let me off the whole thing. And besides, I had meant to pay for everything I 'd had, and I would have if things hadn't been quite so inky when I got back. Anyhow, he did go right in off the deep end. He went off and lodged a legal complaint about it. At home things are different, of course, and if one does give a stumer by mistake, one gets sued or something, I suppose. And in the end the family fork out and that 's the end of it. But out here it 's different. If you give a cheque that turns out not to be right, and if the person you stuck it on makes a complaint, the next time you land in the country they can push you straight off into prison without as much as the chance to pay up.

" Of course, I didn't know. I never thought about the thing again. Then the next year when I came out it was with another crowd, and we went to quite another part of the coast.

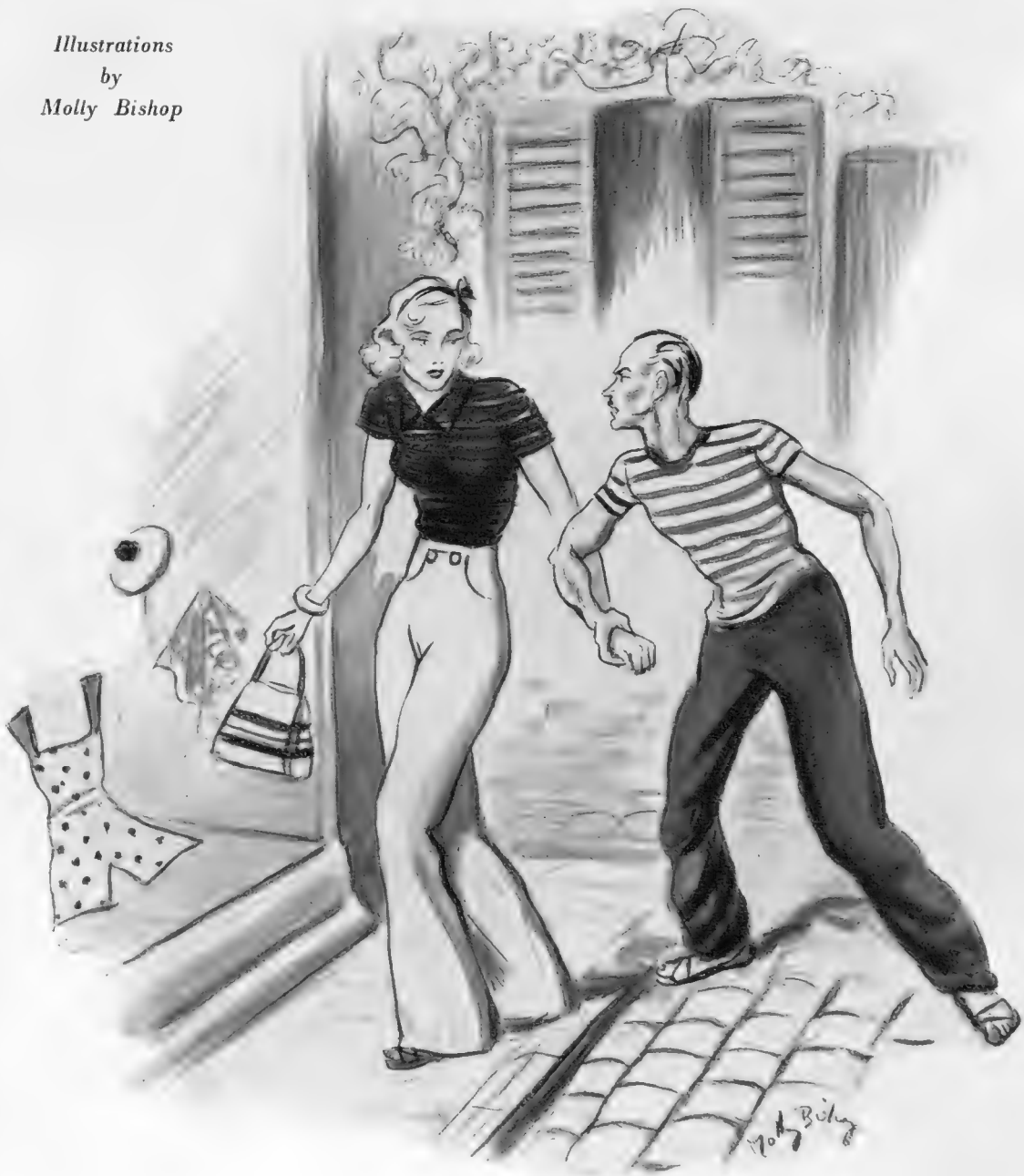
" Somebody had a new car and we drove about a lot that summer. So in the end we happened one day to be passing the *plage* I 've been telling you of just now, about lunch-time. We stopped and had it there. Afterwards, somebody wanted to buy something or look up someone who was supposed to be in some hotel there. So we parked the car outside the Casino and agreed to meet there when we felt like it. You know the way it is. Anyhow, off they went, and I, having nothing special to do, started looking into the shop windows on the front.

" Suddenly someone caught hold of my arm. I turned round and there was the little tailor. ' Quick ! ' he said, just like that. ' Quick ! Come into the shop.' He was terribly wrought up about something, and before I knew quite what I was doing, he 'd pulled me indoors, through the shop, and into the little room at the back. He shut the door behind us and turned the key. It was almost pitch dark in there—especially after the sunlight outside—and the place was tiny and full of rolls of cloth and things. He kept holding my arm so tight it quite hurt, and pushing me into the corner. I tried to stop him, but he leant against me and he was quite strong. I hadn't an idea what was going to happen. You see, he was P.T.O.

" ' What 's the idea ? ' I asked him, but he only gripped my arm tighter and put a finger against my mouth, as though he was trying to make me keep quiet. Suddenly we heard someone run into the shop and call out ' Monsieur Andre ! ' We stood there, pressed together, in the dark, listening.

Concluded on page 70)

Illustrations by Molly Bishop



". . . I turned round and there was the little tailor . . ."

"Is there a vet in the audience?"

Singing Phantom

By Claudia Parsons

Illustrations by Ernest Ratcliff

He sat down and played a little ballad air, humming gently to the music

"THE marriage arranged between Edward Fitzroy Dirwin of Dirwin Dale, and Althea, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Robert Forrester, will not now take place."

Announcements of this nature inserted in the papers are, to my mind, incomplete. The curiosity is aroused and, in nine cases out of ten, is never properly satisfied. How much more entertaining if the reasons for severance were given. In this particular case, the *Times* missed a good story by failing to tell the reason why.

I had been invited to that wedding, and was only prevented from going to it by being in Southern Arabia. I had never met Althea, but I liked Edward. He possessed an old-world chivalry, was very sincere, and at Oxford had been noted for the stories of quite devastating impossibility that he told as solemn fact. He was the last of an ancient family, all highly musical and highly nervous, and owning estates in Cumberland. The death of an elder brother in the war left him heir to a Manor which, according to his stories, was a hotbed of ghosts and banshees.

But though we had all ragged him about his eerie property and the necessity of breeding sons to inherit it, I should have been very sorry, and so would he, if he failed to do so.

A back-number *Times*, picked up at random in Aden, told me that the marriage "would not now take place." And left me wondering.

WE were sitting round the fire at Dirwin Manor on Boxing Night, most of us weary after a good day's hunt. A wind had risen which was sighing round the house, and a young cousin of Edward's, leaning back in her chair, said languorously: "Can't someone tell a good ghost story?"

I turned to Edward. This was the sort of opening he never missed at Oxford, but Edward had something more to say about the day's hunting, and we again reverted to that subject.

I, who had wintered so often in Arabia, was enjoying the extreme Englishness of this Christmas with Edward and his Canadian wife Betty. In fact, I fully intended gaining extra leave by flying to Alexandria, and there catch-up the P. and O. Log fires, turkey and plum pudding, and that solemn Christmas-tree function attended by all the servants: such things recurred annually while I was sweating out East, and I had forgotten their importance. I had even forgotten about the hanging of stockings, till I saw Betty busy by the bed-rails of two already stalwart sons; and I thought then what I had thought as I looked at her on horse-back: that Edward had shown brilliant discrimination. It must have taken great daring to bring a colonial wife into his family, but what a good idea it had been!

As I looked at Betty's face now in the firelight, I wondered about Althea Forrester, who had jilted Edward at the last minute, saying that he was too nervy. That was the current explanation as to why Edward had failed to get married five years ago. He had afterwards gone off on a voyage, to mend heart and nerves, and had mended heart so successfully that he had come home engaged to Betty.

At this point in my musings the wind rose so alarmingly that the whole house shook. Then it died down with mournful sound.

"Well, no one has told me a good ghost story," the languorous voice again insisted. In the pause which followed, another unbeliever like myself said: "It is amazing to me that people continue to believe in phenomena for which there is no proof and which serve no useful purpose."

"Oh, but sometimes they serve very useful purpose," said Edward earnestly.

"What purpose?"

But Edward refused to be drawn on. "Well, they entertain people sitting round the fire on a winter's evening," he said, side-tracking.

"It's all pure hysterics," said the unbeliever.

"Hear, hear!" said I. "I've come across curious happenings in Arabia, said to be the work of evil spirits, but you rarely get a repetition of the same happening. It would have to occur at least three times before it would have any influence on me, and it never does happen three times."

"Tell us about them," said the languorous voice, whose owner was now completely hidden in the arm-chair.

"Oh, no; I 'm a sceptic. Besides, they 're nothing compared with the tales Edward used to tell at Oxford. Come on, Edward; I 'm surprised at you."

"I don't tell those stories nowadays."

"Don't say you've lost that amazing credulity!"

"No, indeed. But it 's no good talking of these things to people who will only think you mad."

"Well, now's the moment to convert us," I pursued. "A howling wind and a haunted house. Let 's have the one about your brother singing a duet with a ghost."

"That sounds a good one," said my fellow sceptic.

"But he *did*," said Edward, rallying like a hunter to the horn.

"Ah, now we 're off," I said.

"Well, anyone who was in this house before my brother went to the front will tell you how the whole place seemed full of ghosts. You would hear voices talking in a room, generally a rather drawling woman's voice, and yet there would be nobody there if you went into the room. But my brother both saw and heard the singing phantom."

"What is that?" asked the other sceptic.

"There is a legend in this family that when some disaster is going to overtake anyone in the house, the person in question hears a woman's voice singing. I don't know that the disaster need always be death, but in the case of my brother the inference seemed rather pointed."

"Did he tell people that he heard it?"

"Only me. Actually what he said was: 'Have you ever heard this?'; and he sat down and played the song he was always hearing, and also sang it. In the middle he suddenly broke off and said: 'There! Can't you hear *that*?', and I could see that he was listening to something which I could not hear, and presently he again picked up the air and sang the last lines. Of course, I then guessed that he had heard this singing, and now he told me that he had actually seen the singer, a young girl with dark hair and eyes, who would disappear as he approached. He asked me most earnestly to delve into our family history and find explanation for it. He was, as you know, killed within a month, and I made a tremendous research of our history, with very interesting result."

"You spent most of your time at Oxford doing it," I said.

"What did you find out?" said the voice from the chair.

"Well, as a matter of fact, we think it 's the ghost of that woman up there," said Edward, nodding towards a picture that hung on the wall at one side of us.

I was sitting almost opposite to it, but in the fire-light little could be seen of the painting except draperies and dark eyes set in a pale, oval face. We all looked up at it, and I thought Betty looked rather scared. Indeed, in this dim light, with Edward well launched, and the wind beating on the house in traditional manner, it did not take much imagination to feel that the eyes were watching us.

"She won't come out of the picture, or anything?" said the voice of the young cousin, whose chair was just beneath.

"That woman is Sarah Dirwin, known as the Family Reprobate," Edward went on, "and she is not unlike the ghost. We knew that she had run away with her singing-master, instead of marrying a neighbouring lord, and we also knew that in the end she had been the greatest benefactress to the family. But when I began to look up facts, I found that not only had she a beautiful voice, but her brother Charles had been banking on the good-will of his future brother-in-law, the noble lord, to help him meet certain debts. When he found that his sister had flown, he rode after her, still hoping to save the situation. But, according to a law report, he could not get the couple to turn back, whereon he reviled his sister in language most foul, cursing her and her issue and all who had to do with her."

"Curses used to be so much more effectual in the old days," I said.

"Well, this one didn't stop her making a fortune. I doubt if she made it entirely by singing. She went over to the Continent, where it is impossible to trace her identity, but a huge sum of money was left by Sarah Dirwin—she apparently never married—to the heir of Dirwin Manor, and was eventually inherited by Charles's son.

"And it 's common knowledge up here that, not long before this inheritance

". . . We knew that she had run away with her singing master instead of marrying a neighbouring lord . . ."

was made over, a magnificent coach with liveried servants and outriders came to this village and demanded entrance to the gates of our house. The house was then empty and falling into disrepair. Brother Charles had gone away and was living in obscurity. The lodge-keeper kept the gates closed against all comers, and tried to do so now, but a withered, raddled face appeared at the window of the coach and said, 'Would you deny peace and rest to a dying woman?' That terrified the man, and he let them in. Presently the whole equipage came swinging back through the gates and thundered away down the road. Some people tell you that when the old lady saw the empty house she had a fit and died, and that the lodge-keeper saw her lifeless body in the coach as it passed out of the gates. Others say that she dismissed the coach and stayed behind alone, and that her body was later found in the grounds. I wouldn't swear to either suggestion, but I think the old lady may well have been Sarah Dirwin come back to have the curse lifted from her, and finding only an empty house she died unforgiven."

"It's a very dramatic tale," said I.

"And you suggest that, unable to get to Heaven herself, Sarah now sings to people who are likely to be going there?" said the other sceptic.

"I don't suggest, I know," said Edward. "And it isn't always Heaven that she foretells." I could see that he was hurt by this repudiation of something very real to him.

"Can you play us the song that she sings, Edward?" said the voice from the chair. "I'd love to hear it."

"I can. But I don't like to. It would be so easy for someone to start being funny if they got to know it. Not that the tune makes much difference, I suppose. All right, I'll play it if you like."

He went over to the piano. His hands always had power to draw full comfort from the notes, and this occasion was no exception as he sat down and played a little ballad air, humming gently to the music. The keyboard being in darkness, he turned on a light on the piano, which scarcely dispelled the gloom at our end of the room, but fell on the face of the young cousin who was now sitting up in her chair. She was not really pretty, but in this light her eyes looked much larger and darker, and her pale, oval face. . . . She really was ridiculously like the picture of her ancestor above her. Then I saw her lips move, and she began to sing in a voice almost unearthly, but musical and true.

I must admit that my heart missed a beat. That voice coming suddenly out of the darkness! It was cruel of her to do it, I thought, but how fortunate that I had seen, and could reveal this "leg-pull." In one movement I was across the hearth and had turned up the lights. Edward, startled by the sudden brilliance, broke off, but the singing went on, and it was now my turn to be startled.

The young girl was not sitting up and singing. She was lying well down in the arm-chair, her eyes closed, and though she was perhaps not asleep there was no appearance, no possibility without my seeing, of her having quickly changed her position. And she looked so different. *The singing still went on.*

"I thought it was Hester," I said, "but one of you must be doing it." And I looked at all the women in turn.

"Doing what?" said Hester sleepily, opening her eyes.

"Singing."

"Singing? I've been asleep."

"It was Edward humming," said Betty.

"No, but the woman's voice. . . . There is a woman singing. Can't you *hear* it?"

"There's no woman singing," said Edward.

"Ha! Ha!" said the sceptic. "Very pretty acting! But you can't take us

in. At least, not me." And he laughed. I also laughed. It seemed the easiest thing to do. Then everybody laughed. The idea that it was a joke on my part seemed to bring general relief. There was an exaggerated display of hilarity, and the singing now died away. For the time being I left the matter alone.

But I was very absent-minded during the rest of the evening, trying to remember all the conversation leading up to this odd occurrence. Suppose the entire party were united in a hoax against me, using some sort of sound-transmitting apparatus, and pretending that they themselves did not hear the singing, then how odd, how fortunate for them, in fact, that I myself had introduced the subject. I had bullied Edward to tell us of the singing phantom. Hester, certainly, had started us on ghosts, but Hester was not singing when I turned on the light, and the girl I had taken for her was apparently a ghost. How long had she been Hester and when did she become a ghost? Had we been conversing with a ghost all the evening? What nonsense! It was all a hoax.

But I was certain that Edward had no share in it, when he knocked that night on the door of my room. He had watched me closely all the evening since this thing had happened, and a genuine anxiety, such as he could not simulate, had brought him to ask if I really *had* heard a woman singing when he played.

"Well, what if I did?"

"If you did, if you weren't ragging, then for heaven's sake reconsider anything that you've lately decided. Are you going. . . By God, yes! You thought of flying to Alexandria . . ."

"Come! come! Edward; your banshee can't possibly undertake to look after everyone. I'm not one of the family."

"But you're in this house. You're one of my best friends." I was touched at the look of genuine distress on his face.

"Edward, I'll agree to all the impossible stories you've told to-night, which is more than I've ever done. But I can't believe that the singing phantom, which your brother saw and heard, had any connection with his being killed. That was a coincidence, and not a very odd one. How many cases do you personally know where this ghost has foretold disaster?"

"I think two cases," said Edward with hesitancy.

"Well, I should have to be quite sure of at least three cases before I began to be convinced—or scared," I said. All the same, I often wonder whether it was entirely on financial grounds that I cancelled my passage on that air-liner which fell into the sea a few miles short of Alexandria.

SOME years later in Cairo, I got rather involved with the famous Mrs. Sam Lenny and her crowd. Allie Lenny was not really my style, and she bored me to distraction. But she did not bore me the evening that I happened to mention Cumberland. Then this handsome, bejewelled woman, with the "Come hither" expression in her eyes, said, "Did you, by any chance, visit a God-forsaken haunt called Dirwin Dale?"

"I often stay at Dirwin Manor," I said.

"Well I'm damned. I was once engaged to Edward Dirwin. Nearly married him."

"*Were* you?" I looked at Allie with new interest. "I believe I was invited to your wedding," I said.

"How priceless! Well, I'm sorry I disappointed you, but you know Edward went clean off his chump just before the grand day. Perhaps it was a good thing, because I cleared right out of it then. And I can't picture myself stuck away up there, can you?"

"Do you seriously mean that he went off his head? I never heard that he had."

"Well, I don't know what else you'd call it. He started hearing music that nobody else heard. How do you account for that?"

"Really? This is very interesting."

"My dear, he kept dragging me round saying, '*Can't* you hear it?' And he looked so queer. I was just terrified. And all the months I'd known him he'd been quite normal. Wasn't it a near shave?"

"Yes, indeed," I said; and inwardly I added, "A very near shave!"

This, the third case, seemed to me the most convincing of all. Poor old Edward, even he did not know how convincing. And his innate chivalry would in any case prevent him from telling the best ghost story of his life. But what a boon it was, that singing phantom, with its accurate foreknowledge of disaster!

As I drove homeward with the dawn, "No wonder," I thought, "that Edward was so familiar with Sarah Dirwin's song. She must have sung to him like a nightingale."

THE END.

I was touched at the look of genuine distress on his face

The Season of Peace and Goodwill,

of hospitality at its most lavish, coming and going at their busiest, calls for this New Ford V-8, the multi-cylinder luxury-car of economical purchase, running and maintenance. Exemplary in performance, impeccable in appearance and equipment, the Magic Carpet of engineering! See it, try it, and then reflect upon the marvel of its price. Literature on request: Dealers everywhere.

Completely Equipped, as Illustrated, **£210**, at Works

"There Is No Comparison! More Miles per Gallon is Good: Fewer Pence per Mile is Better!"

No Motorist Should be Without The New FORD Book of Maps! Handy in Size—Easily Read, 1s., From any Ford Dealer

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, DAGENHAM, ESSEX • LONDON SHOWROOMS: 88 REGENT STREET, W.1

The Craven "A" Rocker Blotter Casket. Contains **75** *Cigarettes for* **4/6**

In the Rocker Blotter Casket

CRAVEN "A"

makes a most acceptable Xmas Gift

Here is a really novel idea for your Christmas presents list — Craven "A" neatly packed in a smart Rocker Blotter Casket! For those of your friends and relations who appreciate a fine quality cigarette — fresh, cool and smooth to the throat — you could not choose a more welcome Gift.

NEW CHRISTMAS GREETINGS OUTERS *for everyday packings*

Ready to Post Packs

25 *for* **1/3** **50** *for* **2/6** **100** *for* **5/-** **150** *for* **7/6** **200** *for* **10/-**

Give Craven "A" in one of the new gaily decorated red and silver Christmas Greetings packings. There are sizes to suit every pocket. Just sign your name on the Greetings Card on the back and your gift is ready to post.

CARRERAS LTD. — 150 YEARS' REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

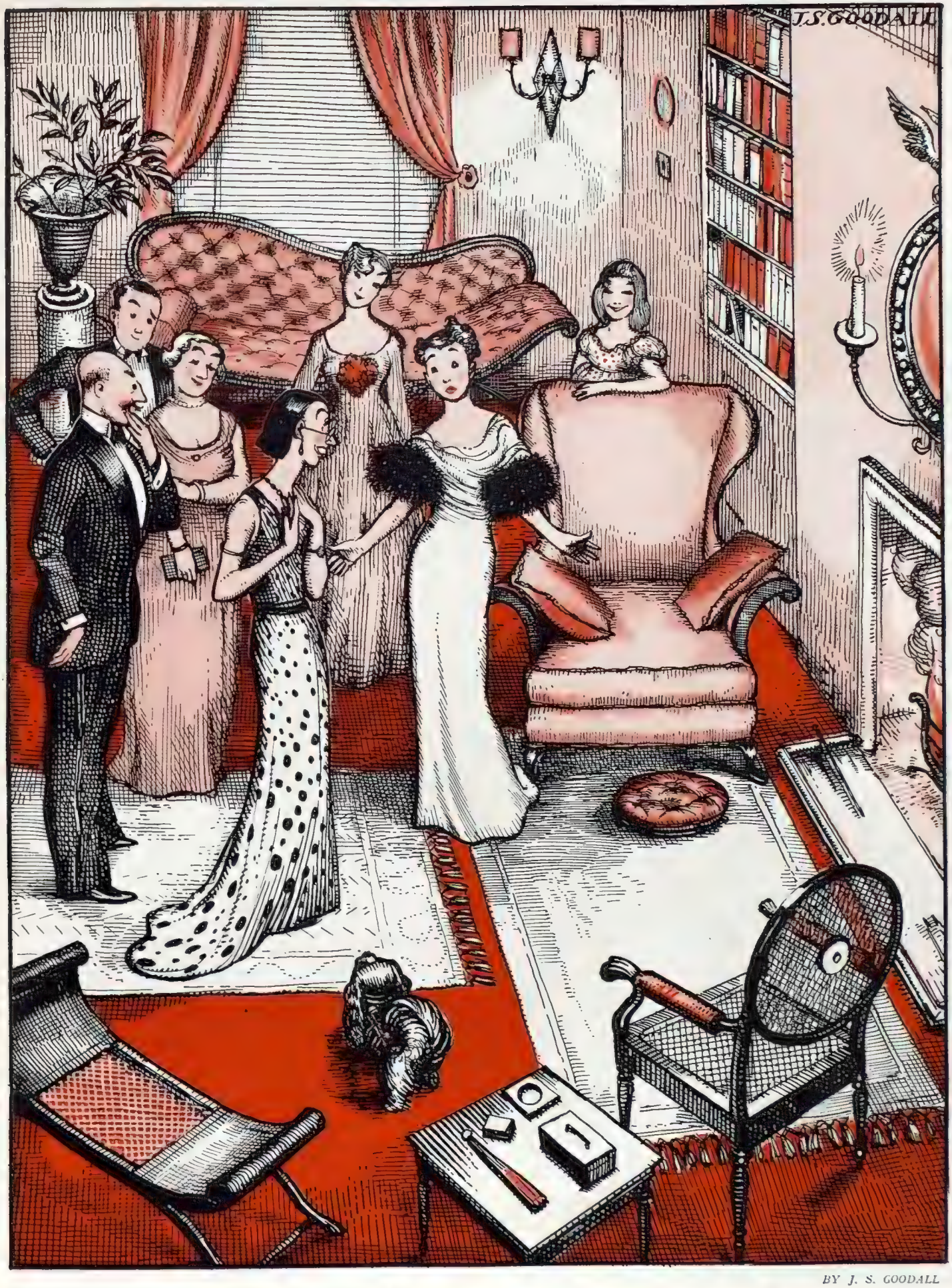
"Miriam, I think Santa Claus has forgotten something!"

Bill-Posting Burlesque :

By Our Irresponsible Poster Artist

BY FRANK FORD

"Her Ladyship's compliments and to say that the party 's now over"



BY J. S. GOODALL

"But why should *I* take the *only* comfortable chair?"

BY PRO

"Keep steady, Bascombe, you're losing the pose a little!"

BY BOTTERILL

"Can I help it, Eliza, if they sent me a sultan's beard?"

BY MAYS

"Well—we thought it would look more seasonable"

A Wasted Morning

The Story of a Quarrel — Judge for Yourself Who Won

By S. P. B. Mais

Illustrations by Relf

"I THINK we might as well go," said Hugh. "It looks like clearing."

"All right," answered Alison wearily. "So long as you make up your mind."

It was perhaps as well that Hugh was looking out of the window.

Alison's grimace was involuntary, but none the less expressive for that.

It was unfortunate that the contours of his stomach should stand out so clearly against the light, and more unfortunate that he should have been wearing those singularly unbecoming heavy wool pyjamas.

It was even more unfortunate that he should elect to dress by the warmth of the gas-fire instead of in the bathroom.

She gazed fascinated as he shed the unlovely pyjamas to display an even less pleasing body.

How could a man bear to keep all that hair on his chest, or allow his stomach to protrude so far? It was disgusting.

She watched him tear his way into his thick woollen combinations. An ominous clank on the floor evoked a remonstrance that she had not intended.

"Or perhaps you 'd rather I stayed at home to sew your buttons on. You go alone."

That always succeeded in annoying him. She knew perfectly well that he wouldn't go alone. It would entirely spoil his day if he had not her by his side to blame and grumble at.

He expressed his annoyance by pretending not to hear. He knew perfectly well what sort of a figure he cut in her eyes in those combinations. She had not been slow to tell him. And the reason for bursting that button had been solely because he wished to get on his riding breeches to cover the ridiculous garment.

Without answering he went off to the bathroom to shave.

The outlook from that side of the house was less reassuring. Rain before seven did not mean fine before eleven in Sussex. The sky to the south-west was leaden, and that was the direction the clouds were coming from.

"With this cold I don't think I ought to go out. It 's raining again," he called out.

Faintly came Alison's querulous "What?" from the bedroom.

The walls of the tiny house were so thin that she could not have failed to have heard.

He repeated the sentence slowly, clearly and very loudly. Her reply came back with equal clarity.

"I notice that it 's not bad enough to prevent you from bawling the house down. And, anyway, it 's too late now. I 've told Mary to cut the sandwiches."

"I suppose the sandwiches are more important than my health!" he shouted back, and slammed the bathroom door noisily

While he was in the middle of cleaning his teeth, the door opened

so that she knew that he couldn't hear her retort to that.

She usually chose the moment he was cleaning his teeth or brushing his hair to say something really important, and then blamed him for not listening.

This was just the sort of morning she would choose to do this. Hence the slamming of the bathroom door.

And, sure enough, even while he was in the middle of cleaning his teeth, the door opened, and he saw her face in the glass and her mouth working.

He couldn't, of course, hear what she had to say without stopping. He stopped, his mouth half-full of salt.

"What?" he said.

"You heard!" she replied, and went out again, slamming the door even more fiercely than he had.

Then, when he got downstairs, came the battle of the overcoats.

"No wonder you catch cold wrapping yourself up in that heavy scarf and overcoat. You don't give your body a chance to breathe. Here's your mackintosh."

"I believe sometimes that you'd like to see me catch my death," he sneezed. "I've worn my heavy coat every day for months, and now in this rain——"

"Oh, have it your own way! Why should I care? I don't have to sweat under that ton weight."

Immediately he threw down his usual heavy coat and put on the mackintosh that she had put out for him.

Conversation on the way to the bus was strained.

Just when the conductor came to collect the fares he said: "Let's not go to the meet. I hope you don't mind. It's too wet, anyway."

Alison drummed with her gloved fingers against the window-pane.

"As you always change your mind about everything, I've long given up minding what we do."

"That's unfair. Nobody'd want to trapse about after hounds in this filth."

"I've known plenty of times when you've expected me to in far worse weather than this, but just because you've got a bit of a cold——"

"All right. We'll go on and run in the rain, and if you've got to nurse me through a serious illness, you'll only have yourself to blame."

"Well, what else do you propose? There's not much point in coming out on a bus just to go back again."

"We'll go on to Storringhurst and poke about among the antique shops. We might find that fire-back you want."

Alison's eyes changed. She stopped drumming with her fingers.

"That certainly is an idea." She paused for a moment. "Promise me one thing," she went on.

"What?"

"Not to say that I bullied you into shopping when you wanted to be hunting, and you will if it clears up."

"Remind me if I start."

Sure enough, when they got out of the bus at Storringhurst the rain had stopped.

"I was a fool not to have gone hunting. There's nothing to do in this God-forsaken place."

"I told you you'd be sorry. Now say it's my fault. Say it was my idea."

"Well, I certainly shouldn't have chosen to waste a morning when I might be working slushing about in the wet catching my death looking for a measly old fire-back."

"'Catching my death.' 'Catching my death.' You and your vile phrases. Why can't you talk English?"

He ignored this.

They walked along the village street.

"Where is this antique shop, anyway? You can't buy fire-backs at a butcher's, and that's about the only shop this blasted place seems to have. I don't even see a pub. I could do with a drink."

"That wouldn't do your cold any good."

"It'd make me warm, which is more than this mackintosh does."

"That's your imagination again. You've made up your mind that it's cold and so nothing will make you warm."

"I suppose you'll suggest that my cold's all imagination, too?"

"Your sniffing certainly isn't. It's disgusting."

"You don't believe in cure by sympathy, anyway, do you?"

Alison's eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, why must we always nag and quarrel like this? I feel so miserable!"

Hugh stopped in his stride.

"Well, of all things! If anyone has a right to be miserable it's me. Here's my only free day in the week. I've got a roaring cold. I've given up the only thing in the world I care two hoots about, getting exercise, to trapsing pointlessly up and down a village street looking for an antique shop which isn't here and a fire-back which isn't procurable, and if it were would be an

"Are these for sale?" asked Hugh, looking up from the floor

unjustifiable extravagance. You, miserable ? What about me ? "

Alison obviously wasn't listening.

" I could eat a sausage-roll," she said.

"And I could do with oysters, turtle soup and caviare, and they 're just as likely."

" One ought to be able to get sausage-rolls in a place this size," said Alison.

The rain suddenly started again, this time much more heavily.

Hugh spent the next half-hour trailing a little behind his wife as she explored every side-street in her search for a sausage-roll.

At last, wet through and exhausted, she pointed to a sign which read : " The Old Forge. Morning coffee."

" Let 's try here," she said.

" Anywhere out of this rain before I get pneumonia," said Hugh.

To their surprise it really was an old forge converted into a combined tea-room and antique shop.

What was far more surprising was the announcement from the waitress that if they didn't mind waiting there would be sausage-rolls.

" It 's your lucky day," said Hugh sarcastically. " Why not go the whole hog and ask to see some real Sussex fire-backs ? "

" I will," said Alison.

This question produced the owner of the forge, who apologised for his inability to produce fire-backs.

" But while you 're waiting for the sausage-rolls perhaps you 'd like to come upstairs and look round ? I 've got some interesting pewter, copper, and ivory ; nothing very special, but——"

Hugh rose. " It 'll pass the time. I hope it 's warmer than it is down here."

" There 's a good fire," said the man. " It 's my private study."

Hugh picked over a pile of dusty books that lay in a heap on the floor while his wife began jangling some sheep bells.

" Are these for sale ? " asked Hugh, looking up from the floor.

" You can have them for what I gave for them. I only picked them up yesterday with a lot of other junk. I don't deal in books. Say half a crown for the lot to get them out of the house."

" Don't for God's sake start littering the house up with more books," said Alison. " We 've scarcely room to turn round as it is."

" I 'm not thinking of littering the house up with more books. I want something to read in the bus going home. You 'll forgive me if I squander sixpence of my own modest money."

" ' Modest ' is the right word. If you 'd had the guts to earn a decent living we shouldn't have to hang about waiting for buses. We should have our own car and you wouldn't keep on catching colds."

" And you wouldn't keep on losing your temper, I suppose ? It 'd cost more than £10,000 a year to keep your temper."

" I 'd like to be given the chance to try."

" You will, after I 'm dead, if you can wait that length of time."

The waitress announced the arrival of the sausage-rolls.

Hugh picked up a small book, blew the dust off it, and handed it to the proprietor.

" How much this one ? "

" It 's the smallest. Call it tuppence."

" It 'll just do me till I get home." Hugh handed over the money and went downstairs to join his wife.

They didn't speak because she was already turning over the pages of back numbers of *The Lady*.

Hugh began to read his little book.

This annoyed Alison, who had found little to interest her in these periodicals. She had already seen them.

She borrowed Hugh's pocket nail-scissors, because she knew that only one thing irritated him more. As she couldn't give an imitation of a high wind slamming the garden gate, she gave herself up to the luxury of infuriating him by cutting each nail with calculated deliberation.

At last he shut the book with a bang.

" Why can't you cut your nails in private ? It 's disgusting to cut them like this in a public restaurant."

" Well, we 're the only people here, and surely I don't have to consider you ? "

" Whether you do or don't, you don't," he said.

" That 's a pretty sentence," she answered.

" I don't see why you should have to cut your nails in my presence at all."

" If you earned enough money to keep a decent home I should have my own private room and you wouldn't have to listen to me cutting my nails and I shouldn't have to endure the sight of your imbecile combinations. It 's this poverty that makes life with you so unendurable."

" Unendurable ? "

" Yes—that makes me say things that I don't mean. Oh, I scarcely know what I 'm saying ! I 'm so unhappy ! So dreadfully unhappy ! "

Tears began to roll down her cheeks.

" For God's sake, don't do that ! " said Hugh. " The waitress 'll think I 'm nagging at you or something."

" Well, she 'll be right. The whole morning 's been one long nag. I wish—I wish I were dead ! Oh, the wasted, wasted time ! "

Hugh reopened his book and went on reading. Alison continued to sob silently as she began turning over more pages of well-thumbed copies of *The Lady*.

Hugh looked up once after an interval to answer her last sentence.

" I agree. The wasted, wasted time. If I 'd stayed at home I should have done some honest work. I should have looked after my cold. Now I 've only made myself ill and you more miserable. What a loathsome, wasted morning ! "

After the fifth back number of *The Lady* Alison yawned aloud and seeing that Hugh was really interested in his book, at once grew fretful.

" We can't sit here all day," she said. " They 'll turn us out. Isn't there a bus due yet ? "

Hugh appeared not to hear.

She pushed the chit under his nose.

" There must be a bus due now," she repeated. " How often do they go ? "

Hugh didn't trouble to look up, but with rising wrath he answered : " Every two hours."

" Every two hours ? Then we must have missed one. We seem to have been here for ever." This time he did look up with real hate in his eyes.

" Why don't women ever know the time for anything ? There 's at least half an hour."

" Well, I 'm going, anyway. This place gives me the creeps. You can stay if you like."

Wearily, Hugh reached out for the bill.

" All right, all right, I 'm coming."

But she was already gone.

When he caught her up she was sheltering from the rain in the door of a butcher's shop.

" Well, even the tea-shop was better than this," he grumbled. " We were not in a howling draught there. We weren't getting wet through. You 're going out of your way to turn my cold into a fever."

" I didn't ask you to come. Just because you like being boiled alive in an overheated room, there 's no reason why I should suffocate. You go back."

" You know jolly well I can't go back. It 's all this constantly changing from warm insides to wet and cold outsides that is so frightfully dangerous. And I bet the blasted bus will be late just because we 're half an hour too early for it. Good God ! What 's this ? "

" This " was a Rolls-Royce two-seater " Phantom " coupé which drew up on the opposite side of the road.

From it emerged a jovial-looking, red-faced man in a rather loud check knicker-bocker suit. He ran across to the unhappy couple, greeting them with obvious affection.

" Well, for Heaven's sake ! What 's the idea ? In Storringhurst of all places ! Why weren't you at the meet ? I 've seen foxes looking more bedraggled than you two, but not often, and not many. What are you doing here, anyway ? Waiting to see the sunset ? "

" Well, even the tea-shop was better than this," he grumbled

" We 're waiting for the bus," said Hugh, none too graciously.

" Well, bundle into my bus instead," said the newcomer, " and come home and we 'll have a bite of luncheon. What a bit of luck meeting you ! I was feeling as depressed as a rat. First Sybil wouldn't come to the meet, and then you weren't there. It was a foul day and I was in a foul temper, and now everything 's fine again. Sorry, it 's only the small car—but you 'll just have to squeeze in as well as you can."

Hugh sneezed his acceptance. And in they climbed.

" I really oughtn't to come, Simon," he began, " I 've got a foul cold."

" I 've never known you when you haven't. Turn up that flap by your side. You 'll find something there that 'll knock your cold to hell. Cherry brandy. There 's only one way with colds. Drown 'em."

After half an hour's dash through flood and downpour that completely blotted out the landscape, they turned into a long, winding, laurel-fringed drive and drew up at the porch of a large white, square Georgian house.

A footman immediately appeared to help Alison and Hugh indoors.

There was a delicate scent of carnations in the hall.

More carnations filled the room in which a very attractive, slim, tall girl with honey-coloured hair sat on an ottoman before a huge log-fire, sipping sherry. An invisible band was playing dance music.

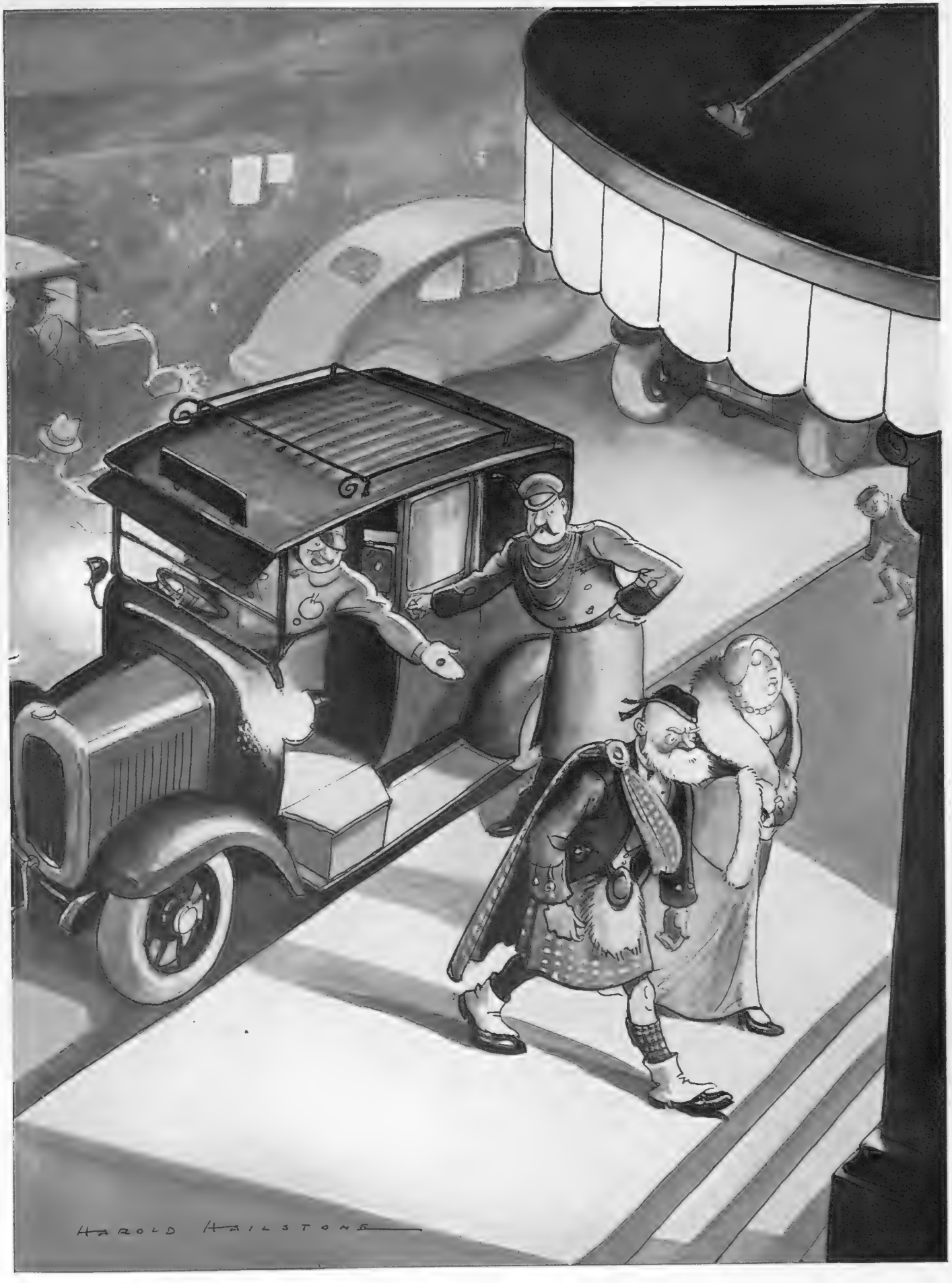
" More drinks ! " shouted Simon from the hall. " Hugh 's got a cold. We 've got to make him tight ! I met these poor drowned rats waiting for a bus in Storringhurst. Is luncheon ready, Sybil ? "

The girl rose with a smile of obvious pleasure to kiss Alison.

" Well, this is a treat ! Here was I sitting alone right in the lowest dumps because my selfish hound of a husband would go off to the meet alone."

Simon put his arm round his wife's shoulder. " Don't believe a word she says. She always pulls this gag. She 's

(Concluded on page 68)



Christmas Fare

"Blimey! Old Santa Claus 'isself"

A Wasted Morning *(Continued from page 66)*

been having the time of her life eating chocolates and nobody to interrupt her tête-à-tête with Lord Peter."

Hugh looked round for another man.

"Here," said Simon, disclosing a yellow-covered novel from under the ottoman, *Lord Peter Views the Body*.

Sybil laughed.

"And Simon always brutally puts a stop to my self-pity. Let's go into luncheon."

"We'll let the women drink champagne," said Simon. "That's about their mark. I've got some precious Chevalier Montrachet. A special treat for a man with a cold."

"Listen to Simon's excuse," said his wife, "for treating himself to a drink that he knows is wild extravagance."

Simon turned to Alison.

"Do you wonder I go out to the meet alone? Who would marry a wife with a scolding tongue?" He poured out the amber wine into his guest's glass.

"Tell me," he said to Hugh, "what is the secret of happily married life? You two are positively marvellous. You're always together. You never seem to get on each other's nerves. Whenever I see you looking at each other it is with a simple adoration as if you could never get over the miracle of God having created such a divine creature, and you," turning to Alison, "seem to find Hugh an Adonis even when he's got a snorting cold. When I've got a cold I hide even from my doctor. I feel like a plucked goose. And when Sybil's got a cold I fly to the South of France to avoid infection."

There was no need for Hugh to do more than nod an assent here and there. Simon loved talking and Hugh, in spite of his cold or perhaps because of it, found the sole Colbert and the pheasant more than ordinarily appetising and the wine warming.

He drank the better part of a bottle of Chevalier Montrachet, nearly half a bottle of port, and a very generous measure of old brandy.

By the time that he arrived on his own doorstep, driven home, of course, by the genial Simon, he was three-parts asleep, but not too sleepy to fail to be struck by the comparison between the cheap brick suburban semi-detached villa in which he and Alison lived and the spacious country house that was Simon's home.

"It's damnably unfair," he said thickly as he stumbled over the threshhold into the combined study, dining-room, drawing-room, and day nursery where he and Alison and their five-year-old son shared the greater part of their home life. "Damnably unfair. Money should be more evenly divided. Why should I have to sweat my guts out in this hole while he can surround himself with carnations and wine and hosts of servants and expensive cars? It's all wrong. It's easy for him to get along with his wife. They've no worries."

"If I were you, darling," said Alison viciously, "I should go to bed before you start breaking anything. You're too drunk to do any work."

It was the first time she had called him "darling" for a week. It was a signal of great danger. It meant that she was near the end of her tether.

"All right, darling!" he retorted, emphasising the endearment with twice her vituperative force. "I will go to bed, but it's not because I'm drunk, but because I'm very ill. What a wasted day!"

Alison watched him climb the narrow stairs. The words were out of her mouth before she had time to control them.

"I hope the next time you come downstairs it'll be in your coffin! It has certainly been a wasted day."

Her wish was granted. Hugh never came down again alive.

WHEN the widowed Alison went through her husband's effects there was, as she expected, nothing of any value.

She was left very badly off indeed.

There was, however, in the pocket of the coat which Hugh had worn on the day when he contracted the chill that proved fatal, a small volume which Simon decided ought to be put up at Sotheby's. It was knocked down to Dr. Rosenbach, of Philadelphia, for £10,650.

It had been, reflected Alison, not altogether a wasted morning.

THE END.

Hugo's Return *(Continued from page 36)*

"Ach! They would never do that," replied Pastor Hans Schmidt, scandalised.

"Most of the big Beethoven films last year," said Hugo, "made Beethoven the very poor conductor of a jazz dance-orchestra who marries Goethe's youngest daughter."

"Was ist das?" bellowed the German, in a voice which set the macaws chattering indignantly in the tree-tops—and then all four of them laughed.

"Tell us some more about this peculiar new world of yours, Hugo," said René. "Living here in primitive barbarism and savagery, we are naturally anxious to learn all we can about civilisation and progress. For instance, are these films popular? Are the actors and actresses well-paid? Is it an important branch of industry? And so on."

"It is an immensely important branch," replied Hugo. "Millions of pounds are invested in it, and the public flocks every night into the cinemas."

"Ach! it must be wonderful," sighed Hans, "to see a mighty organisation like that working smoothly and silently and efficiently—like our Ruhr steel-works in the dear old Fatherland."

"I am not so sure about that," said Hugo, a little doubtfully. "I met an author who was being paid £100 a week to write a scenario about the love-story of a Duke and a Devonshire milk-maid in the Polar regions, and after he had spent sixteen weeks doing nothing, and another twelve weeks completing the story, he was told that the idea had been changed, and that he was to produce a new scenario in forty-eight hours of the love-story of a professional boxer and a Duchess on the upper reaches of the Amazon."

"Good gracious me," exclaimed Uncle Eustace. "Whatever did he do?"

"Oh! it was quite easy," replied Hugo. "He simply sent in the original story again. No one noticed."

"And you mean to say," asked René, "that they produced it?"

"Yes. They produced it exactly as the author had written it, except that just before they did the actual photography, they called in an advisory expert who altered it to the love-story of Wellington and Blücher's daughter, with a full-dress representation of the Battle of Waterloo."

"But Blücher had no daughter," exploded Hans Schmidt.

"He had in this film," replied Hugo drily, "and she married the Duke in the Pavilion at Brighton, with the Prince Regent as best man."

THERE was a long silence, while the three ship-wrecked missionaries pondered.

At last René broke the stillness.

"In the last few film-scenarios which you outlined for us, you referred to love-stories. They are, then, fairly common?"

"They are invariable. Every film must have a love-story which ends happily."

The French pastor nodded appreciatively. "Ah! that is the first sign of real progress which I have detected in your strange narrative, my son. So the love-stories must end happily. That is good. Then I take it that the censorship is abolished?"

"Oh, no. The censorship is very strong. It forbids the use of such words as 'bother' and 'blast' and "Good Heavens,' and allows no kisses to be exchanged by persons whose posture is inclined at a flatter angle than thirty-three degrees from the horizontal. That is why all love-stories must end in marriage."

Uncle René emitted a sharp cry, as if in great and sudden pain. "Is that your happy ending?" he wailed.

"Of course," interjected Eustace severely. "It is, I am happy to say, the only possible happy ending to an English love-affair. And I am profoundly glad to think that Progress—yes, René, I said Progress, and I mean Progress—is spreading, by means of the screen, this essentially healthy and British idea throughout the civilised world."

"Civilised world," said René with a groan.

Uncle Hans tactfully stepped in with a diversion.

"With all this enormous new field for talent," he observed, "the standard of acting must be steadily improving."

(Concluded on page 70)

THE DUAL BURBERRY

To beat the bite of bitter cold winds nothing has yet been invented to equal the DUAL BURBERRY.

It is a marvel of comfort on such occasions as Field Trials—Point to Point—Over the Sticks—Football matches—you know!

Those places where there is no shelter to speak of and if ill clad the wind reaches and searches the very marrow of your bones.

Those are the places and those are the times when the DUAL BURBERRY brings such a large amount of comfort as one could never have hoped to obtain under such raw conditions.

REVERSIBLE—2 COATS IN 1

Reverse the outside to the inside or reverse the inside to the outside, to suit the kind of day.

On the one side you have the overcoat. On the other side you have the weatherproof, and whether overcoat or weatherproof, each looks and fulfils its part.

The overcoat for warmth, comfort and appearance. The other for the weather under the worst conditions. As healthful as an unproofed coat. More protective than an oilskin.

Free from burdensome weight and *naturally ventilating,* it is the ideal topcoat for town, country, sport or travel.

Prices and full range of the season's latest styles sent on mention of the "Bystander."

WARNING

No garment or material, unless it is the manufacture or merchandise of Burberrys Limited, may be described as "BURBERRY," a Registered Trade Mark protected all over the world.
N.B.—Proceedings will be taken against offenders using the word "Burberry" wrongfully, whether with or without knowledge.

BURBERRYS LTD., HAYMARKET, LONDON, S.W.1 PARIS · NEW YORK · BUENOS AIRES

Hugo's Return *(Continued from page 68)*

"The standard among the actors is certainly high," answered Hugo, "but it is equally true that it is possible to become the most famous actress in the world without being able to act at all."

"The old, old story," began René; but this time it was Hugo who interrupted.

"Not at all, Uncle René. This is quite different."

"I should think so indeed," echoed Eustace warmly.

"Let me explain," continued Hugo, "how a famous actress is created. A young girl is selected at random. She must have one quality——"

"Personality," exclaimed the three clergymen simultaneously.

"No. Complete absence of personality. That is the essential. For a year or more she is groomed, without doing any acting at all. The resident plastic surgeon creates a film-face for her; the elocutionist expert searches for a suitable understudy to speak her lines for her into the duplicate apparatus; the nomenclature department selects a suitable name for her, such as Marillyon Despencer, or La Tigrita de los Andes, or Carmencita Courtenay, or perhaps just simply April, or Pearl, or Joy; the publicity officers are handed a million dollars with which to get the public wildly excited at the prospect of the appearance of an actress who will combine the genius of Rachel, Duse, and Bernhardt; the education section will stand by to teach her, if necessary, the elements of reading and writing; and, all the time, her director, whose name is probably Stinck, or Donnerwetterstein, or Hammelbummerfink, or Gottroth, will be creating her personality for her. Then when each department announces that its work is done, the ship is launched, and the greatest actress in the universe makes her bow in a world premeer."

"What is a world premeer?" asked René faintly.

"The first showing of a new film."

"I should have thought," said Eustace, "that you at any rate would have understood that, René. Premeer is the French for first."

"So it is," murmured Pastor Forgeron.

"It is all very, very strange," said Hans reflectively, gazing round him at the deepening twilight. Lights were beginning to twinkle in the native quarters, and the smell of wood-smoke drifted down through the palms.

"I do not think I like that world," murmured René. He caressed his dark-eyed girl for a moment and added, "We may be savages, little one, but we do not depend for our personalities upon a gentleman named Hammelbummerfink. For myself, I will stay here."

"A world which can make Beethoven a cheap conductor in a dance-band is no place for me," said Hans comfortably. He clapped his hands and shouted, "More punch."

Eustace sighed. "I should dearly like to see this Bradman batting," he said, "but I am too old to enter such a nightmare of a life."

The moon came up over the sea, a citron-coloured moon, warm and luminous.

"Come, little one," said René, rising and picking up his girl. "A woman's place——"

"René!" cried Eustace.

From the dark woods a parrokeet echoed the cry, and they all laughed.

THE END

The Tailor *(Continued from page 47)*

"'Hullo, hullo!' the someone kept calling. 'Aren't you here, Monsieur Andre?' The little tailor didn't answer. He kept pressing me farther into the corner where the coats and things were hanging. Presently, whoever it was in the shop knocked at the door just beside us. The tailor didn't answer. It was quite dark. One could hear one's own breathing.

"After a bit whoever it was went out and we could hear nothing more. Then the little tailor began whispering to me. 'That was the police. Do you remember the cheque you gave me? It came back, and on it was written how you had paid already, and I had sent in the bill again, and how I was a cheat. And I was very angry and took it to the courts at Draguignan. And now, if the police find you, they will put you in prison. They heard that you had lunch at the Hermitage to-day, but when they went there you had gone. They came and told me and then they went everywhere to find you.'

"And he asked me where my friends were and where the car was. And I told him and he slipped out and left me alone. Presently he came in again. He had got my friends and the car and they were in the side-street at the back. And he let me out that way. So I thanked him and climbed in and called that a day. And off we drove, and that was the end of that.

"Of course, it was a bit awkward. I had to invent something for my friends, but, of course, they didn't believe it, and they kept on ragging me about the tailor till they found something better to do. And that was how it ended. Still, it might have been quite nasty if the little tailor hadn't played up the way he did. And why did he do it? That's the point. That's why I've told you all this. After all, it had been he who'd lodged the complaint against me. And there he was, in the end, stopping the police from getting me. Why? There wasn't any sense in it. It was just blah. And that's how they are. Men are funny. Men are so funny."

THE END.

Station Permanently Closed *(Continued from page 18)*

pounding in his temples and his heart raced with agonising excitement as he got to his feet and flashed the torch down the length of the platform.

There was no one there.

Mr. Franklin opened his mouth to call, but no sound came. He cleared his throat shakily and tried again, and this time a thin, wavering noise floated out and came echoing back, but though he strained his ears there was no answering call.

Clasping the torch in a firmer grip, he advanced slowly down the platform to the first exit. It was boarded-in. He looked round suddenly, as if the man he sought might have crept up behind him. There was no one there. Mr. Franklin's eyes were distended until the white showed above and below their pupils, and he was breathing fitfully as if it hurt him. He was too late. Whatever he found wasn't going to be alive. He stumbled on to the next exit, and when his hands came in contact with the rough boarding across it he beat his fists on it with weak desperation and sobbed his bitter disappointment. The torch fell to the ground with a clatter, and it seemed hours of hopeless groping before his fingers closed over it again. When he pressed the switcher there was no reassuring flood of light. Something had happened to it. It had been broken by the fall. Mr Franklin lay on his face and cried like a child.

Somewhere deep down in the recesses of his mind an animal instinct of self-preservation began clamouring, but he had no knowledge of it for a while. With the realisation that the station was empty, a strange apathy had descended on him, and the last of his energy went in the tears.

The instinct of self-preservation persisted, however, and gradually it began to impress on him that he must get out—back to the world of living and breathing and talking men, quickly, as quickly as he could, before this echoing vault of silence became something more terrible than a vault. He crawled unsteadily to his feet, swaying drunkenly, and fumbled his way back along the platform, hardly conscious of what he was doing. He reached the end of the platform and instinctively stretched his arms out into the greasy blackness as if he were trying to arrest some phantom attention. The next second he gave a hoarse scream of horror and staggered back until he struck the wall heavily; for in that second Mr. Franklin realised it was himself that he had seen from the carriage window.

Then a merciful oblivion swept down upon him and he fell forward on his face.

THE END.

BRITISH CELANESE LIMITED, CELANESE HOUSE, W.1

Fashion makes a graceful gesture to the new Edwardian Era with this delightful evening gown in heavy 'Celanese' Court Satin . . . . . the dropped shoulders and bell-like skirt are so charmingly reminiscent of the "turn of the century"

The Accordion Player : *a Photographic Study by John Havinden*

'Icebergs' on the Gift List?

Handbags, Jewellery and hundreds of gift suggestions are to be found in our Christmas book. Write for your copy

An Alluring Evening Wrap

In pure White Ermine . . **75 gns.**
In dyed Ermine . . . . **69 gns.**
In Canadian Squirrel . . **39 gns.**

Melt their hearts with a gift of Furs from . . . . .

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

• Oxford Street, London, W.1.

LOT 141

The Strange Result of Buying Brocade Curtains

By Kathleen Hewitt

Illustrations by
Stephen Spurrier, R.O.I.

THE voice from the rostrum announced the lots with challenging monotony. Antique mahogany bureau. Bacon-slicing machine. Zinc bath and miscellaneous crockery. Opossum fur carriage rug . . .

Outside the fog was dense, and it had crept into this bleak interior through the constantly opened doors. Coughing and sneezing punctuated the bidding, and the auctioneer was growing irritable. "No smoking!" he called to an offender in the crowd before him. "Isn't it thick enough without you making it worse?"

The smoker stifled his pipe and grinned at the woman beside him, who merely stiffened and looked straight before her. Miss Turvey was not accustomed to being smiled at by strange men—or, indeed, by any men. She was small and insignificant; she could never have been pretty, even in youth, and now her age could, most kindly, be described as uncertain. She was dressed in indeterminate shades of brown, and a brightly striped scarf round her throat seemed not to enlighten but to enhance the drabness of her whole appearance. Her face was small and bird-like, with bright, sharp eyes; she had the mouth of a constantly snubbed child—thin, sensitive, controlled.

"Lot one hundred and forty-one, two pairs handsome brocade curtains, lined silk, and a stuffed bear. One pound? Will anyone start me at a pound for the lot? Two pairs brocade curtains——"

There was laughter as the bear was held up. Its fur was worn, and in places the stuffing protruded. One paw was raised aloft in a kind of salute. Miss Turvey paid no attention to the derided animal or to the jests about it, for a man was unrolling the curtains that made up the lot, and the sheen of rose-colour gleamed through the murky air. The curtains were heavy, of a rare quality, and in that prosaic seaside auction room the luxurious brocade made an island of bright beauty. Someone shouted "Fifteen shillings."

"Fifteen shillings. Fifteen shillings for this lot."

With some surprise Miss Turvey heard her own voice. "A pound." The curtains must have come from a grand house, perhaps from the boudoir of some great romantic lady.

The flick of someone's catalogue, and the gesture of a finger, brought the price to thirty shillings. Miss Turvey said "Two pounds," in a voice so thin that the bid had to be relayed to the auctioneer. "Two pounds. Lady 'ere bids two pounds."

"Any advance? All done at two pounds?" Smack, went the hammer. "The lady over there."

THE brocade curtains and the stuffed bear were the property of Miss Turvey. She gave her name to a clerk, and paid for her lot, feeling somewhat surprised at her lack of caution. She had been on her way to do some household shopping; now she had but a few pence in her purse, and the shopping would have to wait. She said that she would take the curtains with her; somehow she could not endure to leave them behind in all that dusty jumble of goods. The bear could be delivered later; a removal man assured her that she should have it within a few hours.

The curtains made a clumsy bundle, wrapped round with old brown paper and odds and ends of string knotted together. Miss Turvey thanked a man who had helped her, and went out into the street. An impulse had taken her into the auction rooms, she had had not the slightest intention of bidding; she was in no need of curtains, and yet no remorse assailed her. She felt that she held in her arms a symbol of elegance and loveliness, a symbol, almost of romance itself.

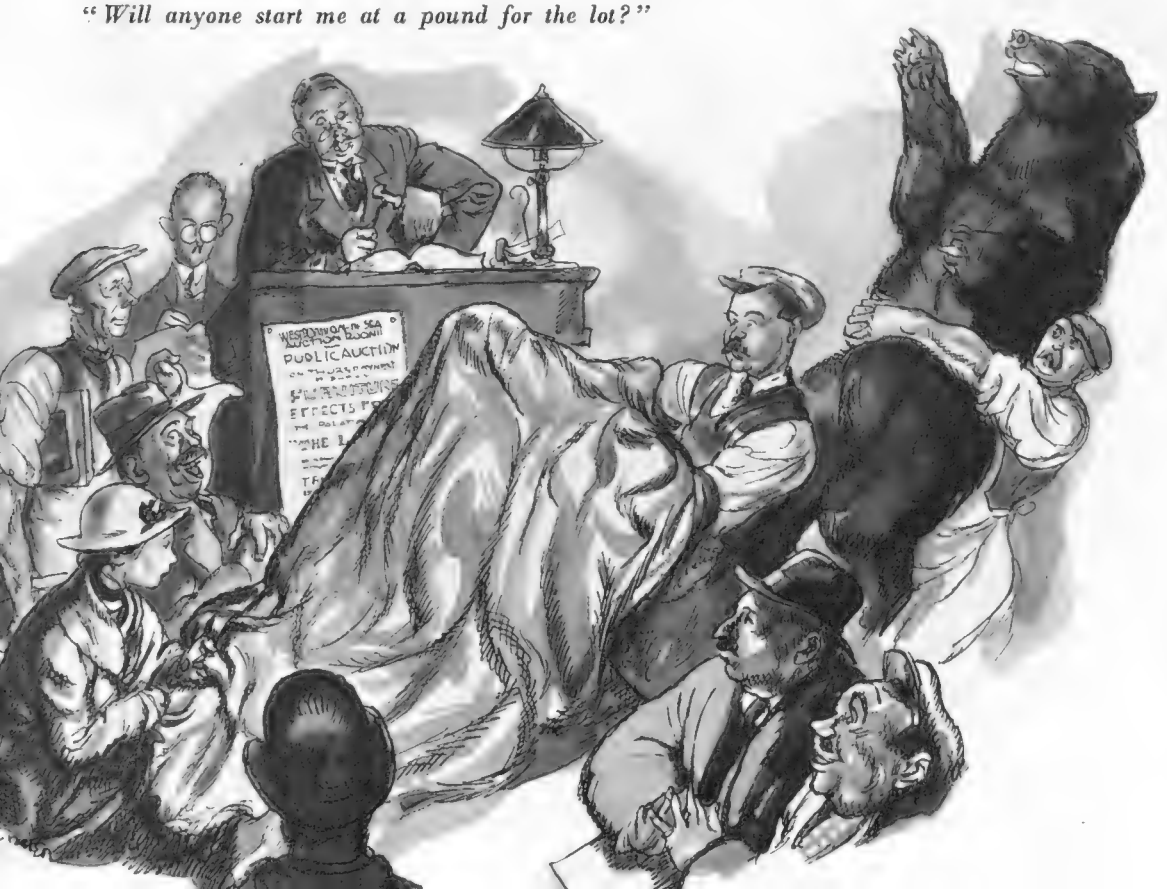
Though the fog obscured the street, it seemed to bring objects nearer to the eye. Miss Turvey went carefully down the main road, and turned to the left. Now she could hear the crash of the breakers on the beach, and the sound was pleasant, for it confirmed the statement that brought her most of her summer boarders, "*One minute from promenade.*" Her house was called Ocean View, and there were some who disputed the implied claim, for another row of houses stood between Miss Turvey's and the sea. But she herself had discovered that the name was justified, one day when she had climbed a ladder in the attic to inspect a cistern. Thence, from a few square inches of window in the roof, she had actually seen a few waves, and ever after was able to say with assurance, "Oh yes, we can see the sea from the house."

That fragmentary glimpse might have represented Miss Turvey's whole life, in which she had never had a full, satisfying view of anything. Always her pleasures had been cramped, distorted, achieved with discomfort, threatened by humiliations.

Even now her joy in her new possessions was encumbered by their weight. The wind nearly tore her hat from her knob of greying hair, and she had no hand free to clutch at it. Her left elbow ached from clasping against her side her shopping bag; her fingers painfully embraced the bulging great parcel. But at last she came to the three white steps, and the door on which was traced in curling capitals, "Ocean View."

(Continued on page 76)

"Will anyone start me at a pound for the lot?"



• *A colourful—and typical scene on an inland canal, Cochin*

• *Entrance door to the Durbar Ghar Jamnagar, showing the exquisite carvings in stone*

See India

PRODIGALLY-ENDOWED with material interest, there is yet a deeper aspect to India's appeal. It lies in the significance behind her pomp and pageantry and ceremonial; in her background—the cradle of our culture; in the simple philosophy of her peoples whose way of life the vicissitudes of the centuries have left untouched. India satisfies, **lavishly**—the spirit as well as the eye.

Linking every city and important centre, is one of the finest railway systems in the world. The trains are more roomy and comfortable than those of other countries and sleeping berths are provided without extra cost. Itineraries planned and full information willingly given on application to:

Indian
RAILWAYS BUREAU
57, HAYMARKET, S.W.1 WHITEHALL 1171

The "QUADS" are on COW & GATE

Date of Birth: 28/11/35. Premature Birth by 7 weeks 4 days.

This case is almost a miracle. Medical history states that never before—in England—have quadruplets lived for more than a few days.

Never before — anywhere — have Quadruplets survived when three were boys. An additional complication was that the babies were premature and were far less than normal birth weight —in fact Michael only weighed 2-lbs. 13-ozs. Those in charge of this appallingly difficult case chose Cow & Gate as the Quads' best hope of survival and this recent photograph shows the marvellous progress they have made. THEY HAD ALL REACHED, AT SIX MONTHS, NORMAL WEIGHT FOR THEIR AGE.

There could be no more convincing evidence that Cow & Gate is the most wonderful food in the world for all babies when natural feeding fails.

There is always an element of risk even with a normal child at weaning time—do for your child what has been done for the Quads. Give your child every chance of growing into a healthy, fine man or woman.

YOUR CHILD IS WORTHY OF THE BEST— GET COW & GATE—TODAY!

©1151

COW & GATE MILK FOOD

"The Best Milk for Babies when Natural Feeding Fails"

They sipped at their cups, every now and again breaking into sporadic bickering

Lot 141 *(Continued from page 74)*

THE light was on in the front room, euphemistically called the lounge, though none of the chairs was roomy or comfortable enough to merit the word. Mrs. Agnew must be in, and no doubt was waiting for her tea. Unconsciously Miss Turvey sniffed. She hated Mrs. Agnew, quite unreasonably and ungratefully, for the loquacious, fat old woman was the only lodger who remained summer and winter alike, and was a valuable aid in paying expenses through the slack months.

Mrs. Agnew herself had only just come in. Her fur coat and velvet toque were on a chair, while the lady herself sat by the fire, warming her knobbly feet. Her shapeless largeness had settled down, as if bonelessly, into a cretonne and cane armchair. Her face was, as always, the colour of a ripe plum, and her false white teeth grimaced a greeting in which there was no cordiality. Her pince-nez clung to one of the several small bulges that formed her nose.

As Miss Turvey set her parcel on the centre table, Mrs. Agnew folded the evening paper that she had been reading. "Why, Miss Turvey—whatever have you been and brought home?"

Miss Turvey picked at the knotted string, and shook out the curtains in shimmering folds. Such a gorgeous colour . . . and the lining, the lining itself was worth the money she had paid. Briefly she explained that she had been to the auction sale.

"But you 're not in need of curtains. There 's all that cretonne you bought, at the end of the summer——"

"Cretonne! These are something different, as no doubt you 'll observe, Mrs. Agnew."

"Different!" Mrs. Agnew could be just as caustic as Miss Turvey herself. "I grant you they 're that. I 'd say they were—well, flashy."

"Flashy! Flashy! Look at the quality. Feel that!"

Grudgingly Mrs. Agnew agreed that the stuff was good. "But the colour, it 'll clash with everything you 've got."

"I shall put them in the first-floor-front. With that white counterpane they 'll be all right. They 'll make the room look worth something, or I 'm no judge."

"If you ask me," Mrs. Agnew shifted several stone of her flesh, so that the chair creaked its remonstrance, "those curtains aren't *nice*. They 're fast, that 's what they are, fast. The sort of thing—well, all right for that *sort* of woman, if you know what I mean."

"I" declaimed Miss Turvey, "I myself have not been in the habit of associating with that *sort* of a woman, so I really don't know what you mean, Mrs. Agnew."

They were both angry. Miss Turvey took off her coat and hat, and laid the tea. The kettle was simmering on the trivet. They sipped at their cups, every now and again breaking into sporadic bickering. Each despised the other. Yet somehow their wrangling comforted them, and though Mrs. Agnew was free to leave, she never did, and though Miss Turvey could have given the other a week's notice at any time, she never thought of doing so.

AFTER the tea was cleared away, Miss Turvey read Mrs. Agnew's evening paper. "I wonder you don't buy one for yourself," said Mrs. Agnew sourly, "you 're so fond of the bits of news and that."

Presently, exasperated by the other's glare, Miss Turvey took her curtains in her arms, and went upstairs. Yes, the first-floor-front would be all the better for something to brighten it up; the thin coarse cretonne was not worthy of so pleasant a room. Miss Turvey fetched her step-ladder, and soon was busy throwing down the cretonne and hooking up the grand brocade draperies in its place.

The effect delighted her. To think that Mrs. Agnew, poor ignorant old hulk, should say they were suitable only for "that sort" of a woman. They would do credit to the world's most glamorous enchantresses, to—Miss Turvey's history was somewhat vague—to Marie Antoinette or Madame du Barry or Cleopatra. She folded the heaped cretonne, put away the steps, and a ring at the front door sent her scurrying down to see who might be there.

A tall dark man stood on the step. He took off his hat, and Miss Turvey noticed that there was a new scar on his forehead, partly stuck over with a strip of plaster. He wanted, he said, a room for the night.

Miss Turvey invited him in. She was still glowing with the pride of her recent activity, and it was to the first-floor-front that she escorted her visitor.

"A very nice room," he commented. "What pretty curtains."

They agreed as to terms. The stranger gave his name, Mr. Smith, and offered to pay in advance, as he had no luggage. He wished for no supper, and said he would like breakfast in his room. Miss Turvey went to the window, and drew the new curtains across it. "I 'm so glad you like the colour," she said.

"You must have very good taste."

She flushed as she jerked the heavy folds. "I only bought them to-day," she confessed.

The man stood by the bed, smiling crookedly. He was very thin, and his overcoat hung loosely from his shoulders. A real gentleman, Miss Turvey decided. There was nothing of the ordinary tripper about him. Only staying for

(Continued on page 78)

CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR TOURS TO—

SOUTH AFRICA

December 4 and 18, 1936
January 8, 1937

Reduced return Fares to Capetown

£90 FIRST CLASS
£60 SECOND CLASS
£30 TOURIST CLASS

Fares to other South African ports on application

CHRISTMAS TOURS TO MADEIRA. Dec. 11 & 18, 1936
£20 FIRST CLASS RETURN

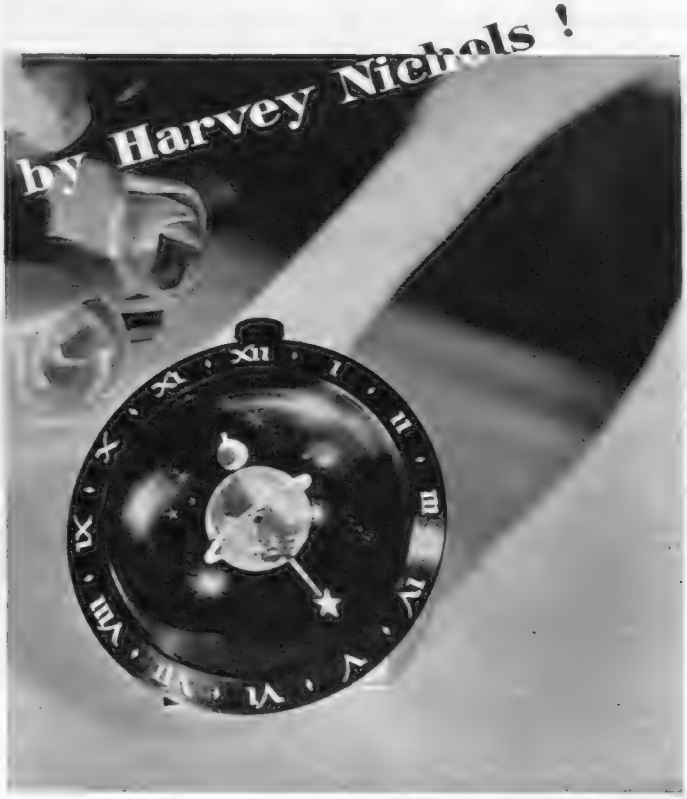
UNION-CASTLE LINE

Head Office: 3 Fenchurch St., London, E.C.3. West End Agency: 125 Pall Mall, S.W.1, or Agents.

Gifts by Harvey Nichols !

WHEN you open this new, flat gold and white brocade evening bag, the four sides stand up like a box. **21/-**

A **WREATH** of daisies, roses, forget-me-nots and fern on a tortoise-shell head-band will please any young girl. **12/11**



YOU CAN see the stars, clouds and earth in the round glass globe of this new clock. It's very smart in its black lacquered case which leans against a gilt calendar stand. **25/-**

Harvey Nichols & Co., Ltd., London, S.W.1. *SLOane 3440.*

Lot 141 *(Continued from page 76)*

the night. A pity. She wondered what had brought him, at this time of year, to this deserted seaside town.

"I 'm sorry," he said suddenly. "I 'm afraid I 'm staring. But you make quite a picture, standing there against that wonderful colour."

Miss Turvey positively trembled with pleasure. "Really," she said, with a coyness that went ill with her years, "really, if I was to believe you!" She smiled forgiveness for his audacity, and led him to the landing to show him where the bathroom was. There was nothing more to say, and though she was longing to linger, she left him sitting by the gas-fire that glowed rather stingily for his shilling.

Mrs. Agnew, of course, wanted to know all about the newcomer. But Miss Turvey was still excited at the compliment she had been paid, and was taciturn. She picked up the evening paper, and glanced across the pages.

A FIRE in Manchester. Quadruplets in Balham. A woman had been murdered, on the previous night, in a street off Leicester Square. The police were anxious to interview the man in whose company she had been seen earlier in the evening. Miss Turvey read, automatically, "*It is believed that the woman struck at the man with a knife before she received the blow that caused her death. He is stated to be about five feet ten inches in height, hair dark-brown and rather long, brown eyes, with a slight squint, and a broken tooth in front of his mouth. Clean shaven. May have cuts or scratches on face or hands.*"

Suddenly, Miss Turvey shuddered. She re-read the description. Five feet ten. He seemed taller. Dark-brown hair. Was it rather long? She had not noticed. And, anyway, he might have had it trimmed. Brown eyes—oh, yes, she had noticed his eyes, and though they were so large and sympathetic they had an undeniable faint squint. She had thought it attractive. A broken tooth—she had not seen his teeth. He was clean shaven. Cuts or scratches—that cut on his forehead, she had nearly asked him about it, and then had feared to be tactless. Mr. Smith—such a non-committal sort of name.

Mrs. Agnew was grumbling about a new coat she was having made. "Tight round the armhole, tight as tight. If there 's one thing I can't bear it 's to be pinched in my clothes. I said to her, I said, 'Your tape-measure 's all wrong, why can't you buy a new one,' I said, 'and satisfy your customers?'"

Miss Turvey muttered something. The visitor had no luggage, had not explained the reason for his sudden arrival. Travellers would normally go to a hotel for one night, not to a boarding-house. Surreptitiously she folded the paper, and took it into the hall. The house was quiet. Outside the fog had cleared, and the light from a street lamp illuminated the stairs as she went up and tapped on the door of the first-floor-front.

"I thought you might be lonely," she said, "so I brought you the paper."

"That 's very kind of you." The man smiled slightly, but his teeth were not revealed. Miss Turvey stood there awkwardly, wondering how she could discover more.

"I couldn't help being pleased, you liking my curtains so much," she said.

"Oh, but I do."

"You couldn't have meant what you said, about me looking like a picture."

At that he laughed out loud. "Of course I meant it," he declared. "I don't pay idle compliments."

THOUGH her heart beat excitedly (she had looked like a picture, that wonderful brocade had revealed the fascination that was her hidden attribute, that had been obscured by her familiar dull backgrounds), though her heart beat with a wild delight, Miss Turvey shivered. For her guest's laugh had shown his teeth, and there, in the very front of them, was one snapped off near the root. She took the paper from him, opened it, and pointed to the paragraph describing the man who was wanted in connection with the previous night's murder.

He read it slowly. Miss Turvey neither moved nor spoke. After he had finished reading, he sat silent and still; she wondered what his thoughts might be. Strangely, she was not afraid. She felt, in truth, fiercely pitiful and protective, and she knew that she was waiting only to learn how she might be of service.

At last he looked at her, with those brown eyes in which the squint was so slight and yet so unmistakable. For a full half-minute neither spoke, but it was clear that she had to search no further for certain identification.

He said sharply, "What 's the idea?" And then, as if realising that bluff was neither effective nor necessary, he shrugged his shoulders.

Involuntary the words escaped her. "Poor man. Oh, you poor man."

Again the broken tooth was revealed. His smile was almost sardonic, but his voice was gentle. He made no attempt to clear himself of guilt, to excuse or explain anything.

Miss Turvey began to cry. She had not cried since she was a child, and now she dropped against the side of the bed, heedless of the harm she might do to the starched counterpane, sobbing quietly and helplessly.

"There, there," he said. His voice was toneless. "I 'll go." He rose and stood beside her.

Her hand detained him, "I 'll help you," she said, her words were almost a whisper.

"Why should you?"

Her tear-filled eyes raked the room. Why should she? Why should she be overwhelmed by a yearning desire to protect this perpetrator of a foul crime? Had she herself gone crazy? She, Miss Turvey, of "Ocean View," so established and so

(Concluded on page iv)

The man stood by the bed, smiling crookedly

Write now for new descriptive folder of the Minx Magnificent to the Hillman Motor Car Co. Ltd., Coventry.

ROOTES LTD., OVERSEAS REPRESENTATIVES

AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND
Mr. C. E. Blayney, Kemble Buildings, 58, Margaret Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

SOUTH AFRICA:
Mr. E. C. Griffiths P.O. Box 1374, Shell House, C/r Rissik & Main Streets, Johannesburg.

INDIA, BURMA and CEYLON:
Mr. H. H. Lilley, 72, Park Street, Calcutta, India.

EUROPE and NEAR EAST:
Mr. L. C. Cunningham, Devonshire House, Piccadilly, London, W.1

SOUTH AMERICA:
Rootes Argentina S/A, Calle Juan Fco. Segui 3775, Buenos Aires.

THE HILLMAN MOTOR CAR CO. LIMITED, COVENTRY. *London Showrooms & Export Dept.:* ROOTES LIMITED, Devonshire House, Piccadilly, W. 1

C. F. H.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST *(to say nothing of the cigarette box)*

Colour Photograph by Walter Bird

The beauty is Marie Princess Paul Troubetzkoy, well known in both literary and social circles. The beast speaks for himself (or would do if he were not quite so dead). And the cigarettes ?

De Reszke MINORS
60 *for* 2/-
Packed ready-for-the-post

DE RESZKE — *of course !*

De Reszke FILTER TIPS
50 *for* 2/6
Packed ready-for-the-post

Presents for Princesses *(Continued from page 26)*

He broke off and looked cautiously over his shoulder to see if his Consort were in earshot.

If King Maxim had felt dubious about Prince Baltan at the time, he felt increasingly so as he neared home. His Highness was accompanying them in a Royal-Box-with-Holes-in-the-Lid, but beyond an occasional gurgling croak made no comment on the situation, and the King did not press the acquaintanceship, feeling they had little in common. The only thing that consoled him was the thought that at any rate his other two daughters would have no kick coming. For several pack mules bore his very expensive present to Delphine—the King of Arcadia's second daughter had really spread herself—while he had also fallen into Fania's trap by buying the latest in Arcadian jewellery as an unofficial present. She would be surprised, he thought, little realising that Fania—who knew her father—would have been far more surprised if he had only brought a rose after all.

The rose, in fact, was the only thing left and he was now beginning to worry about that, for he had made a solemn promise and Kings in those days always kept their promises. But it was mid-winter, and try where he would, he could not find a single rose of any colour anywhere.

His mind was still busy with the problem when one morning one of his horticultural scouts reported a fine rose-garden half a mile ahead. In those days of magic anything was possible, and though there was a heavy frost and six inches of snow, the King, accompanied by a small bodyguard, at once pressed forward, merely hoping that the garden wouldn't disappear in a cloud of smoke before he reached it, and that if he did get a rose it wouldn't turn into a salamander or something until after he 'd got it safe into Fania's hands.

He soon found the place. At a high wire fence the snow seemed to stop dead and just inside were masses of lovely roses of all colours and in full bloom.

The King admired them for a short time, tentatively put an arm through the fence, murmuring something casual about wondering whether they smelt as nice as they looked, and found he couldn't reach.

He muttered something under his breath and then, staring steadily at the far horizon, but with an occasional glance at his bodyguard who all had long spears, he began to talk about roses in general and how they sometimes fell off and how, supposing he were to turn his back for a moment and then were to look round and find one had fallen off within reach, he would be so pleased he would give a piece of gold to the nearest person.

"The red ones are most likely to drop off, I shouldn't wonder," he added as he turned away.

His bodyguard were not quick-witted and all stood on one foot thinking heavily for two minutes; then an ugly rush was just about to begin when a most extraordinary figure appeared among the rose-bushes.

King Maxim had seen some peculiar things in his time, but never one quite like this. It looked vaguely like a young man, but the mouth was far too large, two teeth grew out at right-angles and hair covered most of his face. One ear seemed to have belonged to a rabbit. Moreover, he had a squint that set all Maxim's bodyguard looking over their shoulders or up into the sky to see what had held his attention.

"Good-afternoon," said the apparition mournfully.

The King shuddered as he caught one of its eyes. "Good-afternoon. I—er—was just admiring your roses."

"*They* look well," replied the other. "People like *them*."

"So they should. What fertiliser do you use?" he went on chattily.

"People don't like *me*," continued the other, unheeding. "They avoid me. Even my best friends won't tell me why."

The King was about to ask if he 'd ever looked in the glass, then caught the being's other eye and changed it to "Ah, well, we all have some little drawback," and finally averted his gaze for a short rest.

"My name is Chunk. I live alone. Even my best friends won't——"

King Maxim felt the conversation was getting difficult. "I wonder," he cut in, "if you 'd mind selling me a red rose? I promised my daughter I 'd bring her one."

"You have a daughter?"

"I have three."

Chunk displayed animation. "I 'll *give* you one," he said, "if you 'll let me come along with you and watch you present it."

"Well—er——" The King thought this a bit off. Travelling round with Prince Baltan was bad enough but this—he 'd be getting himself talked about. Then he remembered that he 'd hardly be likely to come across more magic of this particular sort before reaching home, and reluctantly agreed.

Chunk picked a red rose and climbed over the fence. He had a little travelling wallet with him and appeared to have been all ready for the road for some time. The bodyguard gave way several paces in alarm and looked fixedly in the opposite direction, fingering what talismans they happened to be carrying.

King Maxim celebrated his home-coming by a little informal dinner in the back Banqueting Hall. The Vizier was for making a Grand Do of the event, but the King felt that what with Prince Baltan and Chunk he didn't dare risk it. He had not yet broken either of them to his daughters or to the Court, and a little cold supper was laid for them in a side room.

By the time the meal was over and everybody had heard at least twice the story of how he brought down a right and left unicorn, which were about to tear him to pieces, he felt a little braver.

"Now for the presents," he said. "Fania, you 're youngest—we 'll begin with you." He cleared his throat nervously and turned to a servitor. "Ask Chunk to come in."

Chunk's sudden entrance was hardly a success. The assembly simply wasn't prepared for things like that, particularly after a heavy meal. At least two ladies-in-waiting fainted outright; there was a small stampede amongst the page boys, and the Court Chamberlain, who 'd been doing himself pretty well, blinked rapidly and swore off marsala for a week. And then when, after the King had taken the rose from Chunk and presented it to Fania and Chunk had suddenly and unexpectedly blurted out: "Will you marry me? I ask everyone but no one will. Even my best friends won't tell me why," the King nearly had to summon the guard to cope with it all.

Fania, however, was the only one who was unperturbed, and she had a good reason.

Concluded on page ii)

"The usual gulls' eggs from the lighthouse keeper!"

Lillywhites LTD
OF
Piccadilly Circus
PRE-EMINENT FOR SPORTS CLOTHES

C2.
Tailored SUIT for Golf or Country wear with a suède COAT in Havana, Rust or Green, faced with the tweed of the SKIRT which has bright flecks to tone with the suède
4 sizes
6½ gns.

C3.
SPORTS SUIT in Angora finished jaska fabric woven in a Tweed design. In Maroon, Brown, Bottle or Light Navy.
S.S.W., S.W., W.
5 gns.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES POST FREE ON REQUEST

Presents for Princesses *(Continued from page i)*

For the previous evening she had found in an old history book the story of an ancestor of hers, a certain Great-great-aunt Beauty and her husband King Beast, and she guessed what no one else did, that Chunk was only a Prince in disguise who would resume his original handsome shape as soon as a Princess married him. She looked at Chunk. Chunk gazed soulfully back with one eye—the other was quite unconsciously petrifying a maid-of-honour forty-five degrees to her right—and instantly confirmed Fania's intuition; for no one except a really handsome, eligible Prince in disguise could be quite as ghastly.

So she smiled winningly and said, "Yes."

This time it was the King who caused most of the disturbance. He was the only one who was prepared for Chunk's appearance a few minutes earlier, but he was certainly not prepared for him as a son-in-law. He started an argument with Fania—Chunk standing by and saying mournfully, "I told you no one likes me," which got so acrimonious that she burst into tears and ran from the room without waiting for the additional present she knew well her father had got. But she would not go back on what she said. Magic in those days being what it was, she knew she was on to a sure thing.

Still muttering angrily, the King turned to Delphine. "Now yours," he growled.

Delphine's present took some while to unpack; and as garment by garment was produced, the interest displayed by all the young Courtiers present, including the Vizier, who was old enough to have known better, became so overwhelming that Gaillardia got impatient.

"*I'm* still here, father," she observed in a cold voice.

"Oh, yes, yes," said her parent, his temper now restored by Delphine's obvious pleasure, not to say the young Courtiers'.

"That is, if the Vizier doesn't mind," she added pointedly.

The Vizier, who, with a great air of innocence was wondering out loud how Delphine's present would look when no longer, as it were, empty, suddenly broke off in confusion.

"Let me see, Gaillardia," said the King, remembering Prince Baltan a little nervously and affecting to cudgel his memory. "What was it for you?" He was hoping she wouldn't go through with it—after the episode of Chunk.

"A husband," said Gaillardia bluntly. She had no false modesty.

The King's memory suddenly improved. "That was up to *you*, I think, my dear. An unmarried Prince was the exact wording." He turned to a servitor, "Ask His Highness Prince Baltan to step this way."

Prince Baltan entered with all the dignity a toad could command, rather spoilt by having to be helped up on to the table by the hind leg.

"Prince Baltan, unmarried—my daughter, Princess Gaillardia," introduced King Maxim. The toad tried to achieve a courtly bow and fell into a bowl of sugar.

Gaillardia, to do her justice, took it on the chin. She swept the Prince a curtsy, picked him out of the sugar and dusted him over.

The King was surprised and pleased. "Charming, charming!" he said behind his hand to the Vizier. "Getting together well, aren't they?"

Prince Baltan suddenly got bold. Moreover, he'd been listening to Chunk under the door. Dipping one foot in fruit-salad juice, he wrote, "Marry me" on the table-cloth.

"If you really are a Prince," said Gaillardia cautiously. "In disguise, that is," she hastily added.

Prince Baltan nodded vigorously and tried to look regal.

There was a silence all round the table as the little romance unfolded itself.

"Then I will," said Gaillardia. "Even though you are so ugly."

"A good one that, from Gaillardia of all people——" the King was whispering to the Vizier when a sort of flash occurred and Prince Baltan resumed his normal shape.

It took a little time to clear up the mess—after all he was on the table at the time—and then it was seen that he was a stolid but fairly presentable young man. "Boot's on the other foot now," murmured the King. "*He'll* cry off."

But he didn't. It seemed he had been a toad so long that his ideas of beauty had got rather warped, and to his dying day he thought that Gaillardia was the most lovely girl he had ever seen. Indeed, in conversation on the subject he was a little trying and people often found it hard to be tactful.

"Well, that's that," said the King, reaching again for the decanter. "Happy New Year, all!"

NEXT week there was a grand triple wedding, for in her quiet way Delphine had been the wisest of them all. For she was so proud of her new present she didn't mind showing any of it to people whatever or wherever it was, with the result that within a few days the palace was full of neighbouring princes who had heard the good word and had just "casually dropped in while passing," and she had the pick of them, finally settling on Prince Charming of Zooltan.

Indeed, the only snag at the wedding was that nothing happened to Chunk. Fania had been too clever for once, for Chunk wasn't suffering from a spell. He'd been like that from birth and nothing, it seemed, could be done. People continued to avoid him, and for once he couldn't complain that even his best friends wouldn't tell him why. A man's best friend is his wife, and he was always hearing about it.

THE END.

Season's Greetings

There are quite a lot of ways in which you can use Christmas as an excuse for acquiring a 1937 Flying Standard. The best way of all is to have one given to you by someone else. Failing that, you can give it to yourself. Or else, make it your present to the family, thereby neatly solving the whole gift question at one swoop, and incidentally, of course, including yourself in your own generosity.

Anyhow, the great thing is to get one somehow. For the 1937 Flying Standard is The Car Of The Year To Come. The big sensation of the Motor Show. The streamlined family car *par excellence!*

FLYING STANDARD "NINE"	£149
de Luxe	£159
FLYING STANDARD "TEN"	£169
de Luxe	£179
FLYING STANDARD "TWELVE" (ALSO AVAILABLE WITH 10 H.P. ENGINE)	£199
FLYING STANDARD "FOURTEEN" (ALSO AVAILABLE WITH 12 H.P. ENGINE)	£249
FLYING STANDARD "TWENTY" (ALSO AVAILABLE WITH 16 H.P. ENGINE)	£299
FLYING STANDARD "V-EIGHT"	£349

AVON SPECIAL COACHWORK MAY BE HAD ON ALL MODELS.

WRITE FOR LITERATURE TO:
THE STANDARD MOTOR CO. LTD., CANLEY, COVENTRY

WEST END SHOWROOMS:
"STANDARD CARS" 37 DAVIES ST., GROSVENOR SQ., LONDON, W.1
TELEPHONE: MAYFAIR 5011

BUY A CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

If you are sending Christmas Cards specially printed with your name and address, make a point of asking your Stationer for TUCK'S "ROYAL & SELECTED" Sample Book

Served Everywhere this Xmas

Without Martini no Xmas party will be complete .... for without Martini, no drinks, long or short, are as good as they can be. In hotels and restaurants, at dances, private parties and in the home, Martini will be served this Xmas And it is such a splendid aid to digestion, that a Martini before meals will enable you to enjoy the richer fare of Xmas without fear of after-effects! Get a bottle of Martini now—in good time for the festive season.

MARTINI
VERMOUTH

SWEET 4/6 per litre. *From Wine Merchants Everywhere. Look for the name on the label.* DRY 5/6 per litre.

MARTINI & ROSSI, TORINO, PARIS, BARCELONA

Lot 141 *(Continued from page 78)*

respectable? The glowing pink of the brocade curtains mocked her misery; she had thought them a setting for romance, and they were but the trimmings for a tragedy.

He went on: "I didn't think they'd get a full description. God! Even that old front tooth."

"You can stay here," she said, still in a whisper, though there was none to overhear.

"No, no. Not after this." He kicked the paper that lay on the floor. With surly deliberation he began to tug on his overcoat. There was a wound, she noticed now, across the back of his hand.

"Whatever happens, I shan't say a word," she told him.

"Bless you. Bless you. My God, you're a wonderful woman." He paused, as if about to say something more, then stopped. "No, you wouldn't understand. But thank you, thank you." She knew—though in all her life she had learnt so little—that if he had confided in her, his words would have been but a futile attempt at communication, dumb messengers, unlighted torches.

Conspirators, they tiptoed down the stairs. The street lamp, filtering in, made a cavern of the hall, and it was cold here. They came to the front door, and now the monotonous crashing of the waves could be heard. His hand was on the brass knob.

She couldn't let him go, like this, like a stranger. Her touch arrested him, and he paused. "Good-bye," he said. "I shall never forget you."

Her hand was in his, in his that bore a wound. Suddenly he leaned down, she felt his lips upon hers, lightly and briefly, and then he was gone.

MISS TURVEY never knew how long she stood shivering in the draughty hall. She never knew how long it was before she was explaining to Mrs. Agnew that the chance guest had been seized with ear-ache, and had decided to hurry back to London to see his doctor.

Mrs. Agnew exclaimed: "Well, that's very odd, I *must* say. A drop of hot oil would have put that right. But there, the fuss some people make." Inquisitively, she pressed for information about the flown man.

"Oh," said Miss Turvey, "he was ginger-haired and short and rather fat. I didn't take a lot of notice."

She went heavily upstairs, again took the step-ladder into the first-floor-front, and presently the pink curtains were in a heap on the floor. "*You make quite a picture, standing there, against that wonderful colour.*" Mrs. Agnew was right, they were unsuitable. Miss Turvey carried the bundle of rose brocade down to the hall, and stood scowling uncertainly there.

The front door bell rang. Her heart nearly stopped beating. Who could it be? Police? Impossible. But they were clever, they had their own mysterious methods. If it should be——

She would never confess. She would lie and stick to her lies though they questioned her for the rest of her life. Neither entreaties nor threats would drag from her any clue that might set ruthless justice on the right trail.

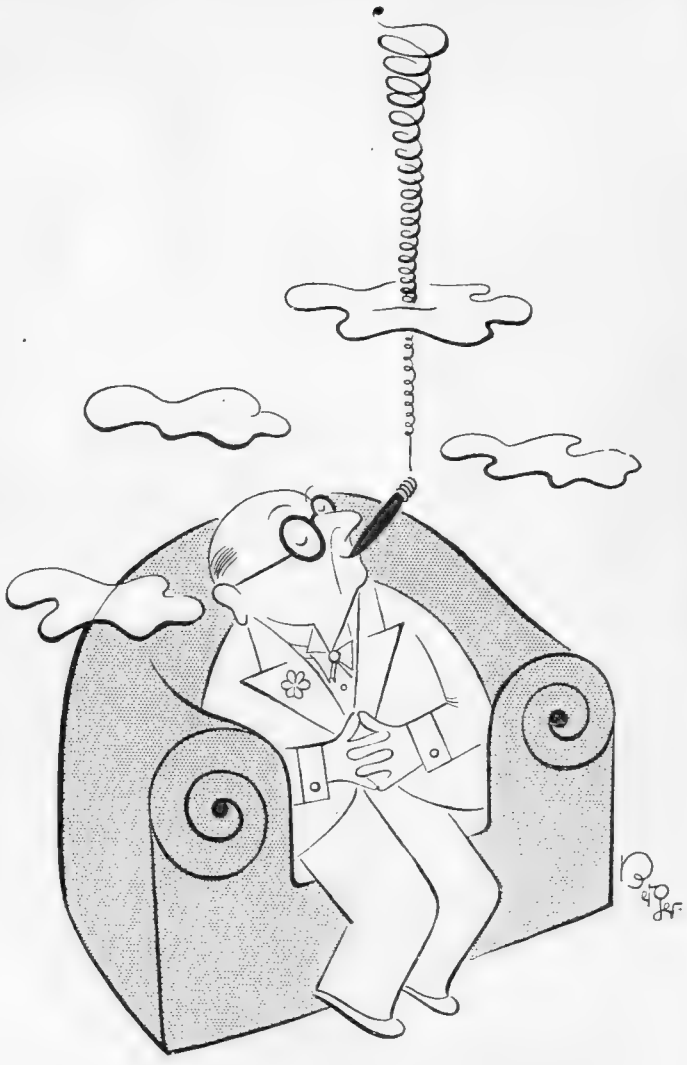
Another ring. This time more imperative. Miss Turvey dropped her pink brocade curtains and opened the door defiantly.

IT was the removal man. In his arms he held the brown stuffed bear that had been part of Lot 141. "'Ere you are, Ma'am," said the man, grinning as he held out his odd burden. "'Ere's a friend of yours, come to keep you company."

Miss Turvey gasped. "I don't want it. You can have it. Take it away. And these curtains—you can have them too. I don't want them, they're hideous, I can't bear them——" She thrust the bundle of rich material into the astonished man's arms, and slammed the door.

Half-an-hour later the man stood with a friend of his at a bar on which were a couple of pints of old-and-mild. "Women!" he exclaimed, half in disgust and half in admiration. "You don't know *where* you are, the funny way they go on sometimes. Women! You can search me fer the answer." And he swallowed his pint.

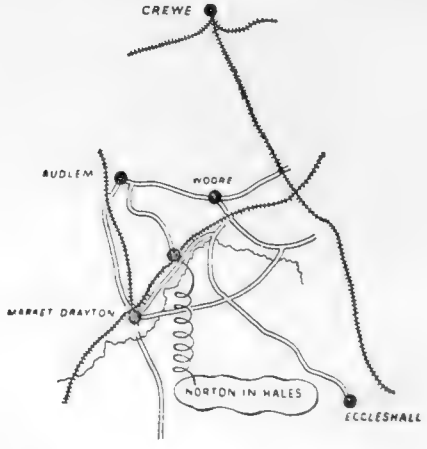
THE END



NORTON in HALES

but

SHELL *BREATHES PERFECTION*



YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

ALL CORRECT

Evening Dress must be up-to-the-minute in correctness of detail and at the same time completely comfortable. That is why our new white waistcoats are made in a choice of three depths of front in each fitting (from 10/6) and our latest evening shirts with three sleeve lengths and three depths of front in each collar size (from 10/6). That is why we make six styles of dress collar in ¼ sizes (8/6 a dozen) and dress ties (from 1/6) in styles to fit any size of collar. Such refinement of detail makes certain that Austin Reed dress clothes are comfortable, correct and inexpensive.

AUSTIN REED
OF REGENT STREET
London and Principal Cities

WILLCOX & GIBBS
"AUTOMATIC"

SILENT SEWING MACHINE

Always gives great satisfaction.

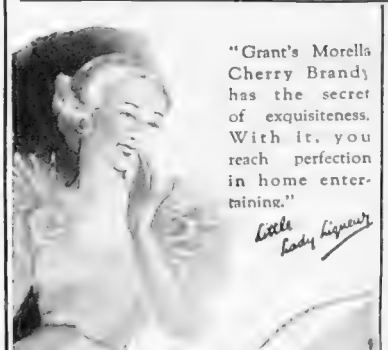
Easy to work and produces beautiful sewing on all classes of fabrics.

The Automatic Tension instantly adapts itself to varying thicknesses of materials.

Hand, Treadle or Electric

Apply for illustrated list.

Willcox & Gibbs S.M. Co., Ltd.
Chief Office : 20, Fore Street, London, E.C.2.



"Grant's Morella Cherry Brandy has the secret of exquisiteness. With it, you reach perfection in home entertaining."
Little Lady Liqueur

'Share my Secret'

Welcome Always
Keep it Handy—

GRANT'S
MORELLA
CHERRY BRANDY
QUEEN'S SWEET - SPORTSMAN'S DRY

"THE BYSTANDER" CHRISTMAS NUMBER

POSTAGE RATES

Great Britain 4d. Abroad 4d.
Canada 1½d.

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

has been the leading Hair tonic and dressing for over 140 years. It keeps the hair in perfect condition, imparts to it a lovely glossiness, and long delays thinning and baldness. It does not make the hair sticky.

Of all Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers, 3/6, 7/- & 10/6

Send for Free Booklet on the Hair.

A. ROWLAND & SONS, LTD.,
22, Laystall Street, London, E.C.1

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS & SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Published by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., at 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1936. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.

"LA NATURELLE" TRANSFORMATION

The Symbol of Perfection

"UNLESS your hair is right you cannot look your best!"

With "La Naturelle," you can have hair of the shade and texture you have always admired in others and longed for yourself.

Consider the advantage of having always a perfect coiffure, without frequent visits to your hairdresser.

Weighing only an ounce—slipped on in a moment—"La Naturelle" may be brushed, combed and arranged in any style, exactly like the growing hair, and is so natural in appearance, that its presence is never even suspected.

If you are not satisfied with the appearance of your hair, consult Mons. Georges, whose 45 years' experience is at your service.

Full Transformation from 12 gns. Semi from 8 gns. Complete wavy and curly Head-dress from 18 gns.

Portfolio of new styles, with details of payment by instalments, sent post free.

No charge for consultation & advice

"La Naturelle"

Have your hair permanently waved by London's leading Artistes, who will delight in arranging a style specially for you.

Telephone: Victoria 5943 and 5944. Telegrams: Toupetchic, Sowest, London

MAISON GEORGES

ONLY ADDRESS: 40, BUCKINGHAM PALACE RD. LONDON S.W.1.

Catalogues on Application.

'Phone: Regent 0189

WOODROW

46, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

Limited.

By Appointment

127 B. The New Moor." Latest Version of the Deer Stalker Cap, with slightly higher crown, in softest pure Angora of check effect, hand-woven in the Orkneys. **29/6** This cap is ideally comfortable and feather-weight, can be worn with the back turned down for protection. Supplied in all sizes, in pale and dark grey, hyacinth blue, dark saxe, broken white, fawn, navy, brown, wine, green, amber and all pastel shades.

Cravat Scarf to match, 10/6

The Black Spaniel Dog Scarf Pin, a faithful reproduction of the breed, **5/6**. Any other animal or dog can be supplied at the same price, with the exception of the horse, which costs, **7/6**.

A Selection can be had on approval on receipt of London Trade Reference, or an amount on deposit.

PARCHMENT SATIN

Encrusted in a Floral Design with Iridescent Pearls

Sun-ray pleating forms the train. The angel wing scarf is in parchment chiffon - - - - - **18½ gns.**

MODEL GOWNS.

Debenham&Freebody

WIGMORE STREET, W.1.

(Debenhams Ltd.)

AN 'ASPRO' MESSAGE TO 'FLU & COLD SUFFERERS

If you have NOT a cold this message will not interest you—until you have one. If you HAVE a cold then the 'ASPRO' message is most important, as it tells you that YOU CAN STOP A COLD IN ONE NIGHT BY TAKING 'ASPRO' TABLETS. Furthermore, you can get rid of the sneezing, sniffling, giddiness and "groggy" feeling due to the feverishness accompanying the cold. Hundreds of thousands of sufferers could tell you that two 'ASPRO' tablets and a hot lemon drink will definitely smash up a cold or 'flu attack in one night. 'ASPRO' does not harm either the stomach or the heart. So, you see, you can get results and you need have no fear of any harmful effects. Remember,

COLD TIME IS 'ASPRO' TIME

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

Made in England by ASPRO Limited SLOUGH, BUCKS. *Telephone: Slough 608*

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

TRY 'ASPRO' FOR

INFLUENZA	COLDS	RHEUMATISM
HEADACHES	LUMBAGO	ALCOHOLIC
SLEEPLESSNESS	IRRITABILITY	AFTER-EFFECTS
OR INSOMNIA	NEURITIS	PAINS PECULIAR
NEURALGIA	HAY FEVER	TO WOMEN
SCIATICA	NERVE SHOCK	MALARIA
GOUT	TOOTHACHE	ASTHMA

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO'

ASPRO REG. TRADE MARK

PRICES WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL 3d. 6d. 1/3 & 2/6

By Appointment

Concentrated Bath Essences

(A few drops sprinkled into the bath will soften the water and leave a delicate and lasting perfume)

JASMINE

CARNATION

SANDALWOOD

ENGLISH VIOLETS

FLORIS

PERFUMER

89 JERMYN STREET, LONDON

SMEE'S

Est. 1907. 'Phone: Mayfair 1543

Specialities

Coat

or

Costume

(any style)

6 gns.

Advanced selection of early Autumn material and designs.

Every garment is cut and fitted personally by Mr. SMEE.

Special Mail Dept.

If unable to call send for an S.M. Form with patterns, and have satisfaction as others, from all parts of the world.

Astride Coat & Breeches 9 gns.

ONLY ADDRESS:

55, SOUTH MOLTON ST., W.1.

First Floor

now . . .

for parties

the curtain rises on a party season that will probably be gayer, smarter and merrier than any for many years. in our bond street showrooms we've collected the outstanding numbers of this season; will you call and see them, and hear all about the corot credit that's such a boon at this time?

modelled in crease-resisting velvet, this beautifully cut tunic and skirt show a skilful addition of gold braid to emphasise its lovely line.

10 guineas.

corot of bond street

may we send you a catalogue? p'ease write to corot ltd., dept. b.s. 6108, 33 old bond street, w.1., or 'phone regent 0234.

Riding Kit

Correct, Stylish and Not Expensive.

To really enjoy your ride you must have good-fitting clothes.

28 years' experience enables us to guarantee satisfaction in every respect.

JODHPURS	*from*	23/-
BREECHES	,,	21/-
JACKET	,,	63/-
JACKET AND BREECHES	,,	84/-
RIDING MACS	,,	37/6
PULLOVERS	,,	10/-

Complete Outfits for Ladies, Gents and Juveniles.

Give us a Call or Send for Free Riding Booklet.

Address: Dept. 21X.

Bedford Riding Breeches Co

S. TURNER LTD

19 NEW QUEBEC STREET MARBLE ARCH · LONDON

Charity at Christmas

Some Causes that Deserve Your Generous Help

The National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children

SINCE its formation just over half a century ago, this Society has helped nearly 4,500,000 suffering children, and ensured for them the happiness of a normal life, free from the shadows of brutality, neglect and indifference. Many people, however, still fail to appreciate the great contribution this Society has made and is always making towards the advancement of the welfare of our youngest citizens. The Society works by persuasion, not prosecution. To build homes together, not break them up, is its primary aim, and many families to-day owe their happiness to the unfailing tact and sympathy displayed by the Society's workers. Further details regarding the Society's many-sided activities will be supplied gladly by William J. Elliott, Director, Victory House, Leicester Square, W.C.2.

Imperial Cancer Research Fund

THIS Fund was established at the beginning of the century under the direction of the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England. Already it has an immense amount of good work to its credit, and enough has now been learnt about the nature and origin of cancer for an increasing number of cases to prove curable. Calls on its resources are, however, extensive, and the present income from investments, etc., is not enough to meet them all. Moreover, the need for expansion is immediate and pressing, and the generous help of the public is sought in meeting this. Donations, subscriptions, and legacies should be addressed to the Honorary Treasurer of the Fund, at 8-11, Queen's Square, London, W.C.1.

Christmas Cheer

Prebendary Carlile, the founder of the Church Army, is handing a poor woman a parcel of seasonable goods. Thousands of similar parcels are given away at Christmas by this fine organisation

John Groom's Crippleage

IT is one of the tragedies of life that persons afflicted with a physical deformity not only have to bear the pain from their infirmity, but have also to face the fact that they have no place in the world of business, and may be compelled to rely for support on the charity of others. It was to help those who were thus situated that John A. Groom founded The Crippleage seventy years ago. It provides a home for crippled girls, also light, healthy, spacious workrooms. In the Garden Village at Edgware Way, 219 crippled girls are in residence, while another 100 are employed in the workrooms at Clerkenwell, and living in their own homes. They are paid at Trade Board rates, and contribute to the cost of their board and lodging in proportion to their pay. It is, however, impossible for them to be self-supporting. Their infirmities limit their output, and the prices obtained for the goods are governed by competition with able-bodied girls. This works against them in two ways, because the amount they earn does not allow them to cover the full cost of their board and lodging. Hence the necessity of appealing to the generosity of the public to enable the work to go on. Legacies are greatly needed.

LOVE begets LOVE

"Mummy, daddy"—from tiny lips, no two words sound sweeter. Yet many parents choose to crush the joys that children give. Cruel deeds, neglectful actions—innocent little ones cannot escape them, but you can dry their tears through the

N·S·P·C·C

PLEASE SEND A CHRISTMAS GIFT to Hon. Treasurer, Sir G. W. Truscott, Bt., National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2 (President: H.R.H. The Duke of Kent.)

The Crusade against CANCER

£150,000 urgently required

The Committee earnestly appeals for £150,000 to provide the following much-needed extensions —

(1) EXTENSION TO THE RESEARCH INSTITUTE
The Royal Cancer Hospital Research Institute is one of the leading Cancer Research Centres in the World, but the work needs to be carried out more extensively and intensively.

(2) ENLARGEMENT OF WARDS
The Royal Cancer Hospital was built in 1859. Many of the Wards date from that period and must be enlarged and modernised.

(3) NURSES' HOME
A new addition is necessary to provide adequate comfort and rest for the Nursing Staff.

Without these necessary and too long deferred extensions the work of the Doctors and Scientists must suffer restriction.

Will you please send a Christmas gift to the Earl of Granard?

The Royal Cancer Hospital
(FREE)

FULHAM ROAD - - - - LONDON, S.W.3

This mother is worried. Her little ones will miss the good things of Christmas—unless . . . At no other time of the year are bare cupboards and empty grates so cruelly depressing for the mothers of the poor. Will you gladden their hearts through the Church Army. It costs **10/-** to send a Christmas parcel to one family. **£5** makes TEN families happy. Please post a gift now to Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D., 55, Bryanston St., London, W.1

CHURCH ARMY

WAIFS & STRAYS SOCIETY

4,500 BABIES · BOYS · GIRLS & CRIPPLES NOW IN OUR HOMES

The smallest GIFT gratefully received by
The SECRETARY, OLD TOWN HALL, KENNINGTON, S.E.11

ROYAL SURGICAL AID SOCIETY

Patron: His Majesty the King

- Gives every description of Appliance to the afflicted poor.
- Its operations are not confined to any locality.
- Subscribers receive "Letters" of recommendation in return for their Subscriptions and thus the distribution of their benefactions is in their own hands.
- The number of Subscribers' "Letters" required in each case is in proportion to the cost of the appliance needed.
- Subscribers of one guinea receive four "Letters." How many may we send you for the benefit of some deserving person in whom you are kindly interested and whose case we have investigated?
- Address the Secretary, Head Office, SALISBURY SQUARE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.

IMPERIAL CANCER RESEARCH FUND

Patron—HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE KING.
President—HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BEDFORD, K.G.
Chairman of the Executive Committee—SIR HUMPHRY ROLLESTON, BT., G.C.V.O., K.C.B.
Hon. Treasurer—SIR HOLBURT WARING, BT., C.B.E., F.R.C.S.

Founded in 1902, under the direction of the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England as a centre for research and information on cancer, The Imperial Cancer Research Fund is working unceasingly on the systematic investigation of the disease in man and animals. The work of this Fund and of other great centres of research has increased our knowlege of the origin and nature of cancer and has so altered our outlook that the disease is now curable in increasing numbers. But our present accommodation is too limited and **we are now building new modern laboratories** to extend the scope of our investigations. The income from investments and the Endowment Fund is insufficient to cover the total annual expenditure, and help is urgently needed to meet the heavy additional cost of expansion.

Donations, Subscriptions and Legacies are earnestly solicited and should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer 8/11, Queen Square, London, W.C.1.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I hereby bequeath the sum of £ to the Treasurer of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund under the direction of the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England, 8-11, Queen Square, Bloomsbury, London, W.C.1, for the purpose of Scientific Research, and I direct that his receipt shall be a good discharge for such legacy.

The Royal Cancer Hospital (Free)

PROFESSOR E. L. KENNAWAY and Professor J. W. Cook, of the Research Institute of the Royal Cancer Hospital (Free), Fulham Road, London, have been chosen from the cancer workers of forty-five countries to receive a prize of about £350 and 50 milligrammes of radium. The award is regarded as a triumph for British research workers and for the Royal Cancer Hospital, in which patient work has been going on for many years, and is being continued. That work as valuable as this to the community, and, indeed, to humanity as a whole, should be carried on uninterruptedly, goes without saying, but it can only be done if people will give all the help they can to the Cancer Hospital. Even the smallest subscription will be most gratefully received.

The Winter Distress League

THE Winter Distress League, for fourteen years past, has played a useful part in relieving some of the hardships of unemployment wherever this is possible, and apart from actually giving work to two thousand three hundred men, it has enabled fifteen thousand more to take up jobs (which they would have had to reject otherwise, either for lack of tools, or of the proper clothes, or of money for the first week's fares), and has sent fourteen hundred underfed children to the country for prolonged periods. Contributions will be very gratefully received by the Hon. Treasurer, Sir Francis Goodenough, C.B.E., 23, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1.

The Church Army

PREBENDARY CARLILE, who reaches his ninetieth birthday on January 14th next, is still the active head of the Church Army, which he founded in 1882. He hopes to arrange a wider

One of Four Hundred

Under the care of the Waifs and Strays Society, an organisation whose youthful members especially deserve our Christmas charity

Make *your* Christmas Happy by making these cripples happy

John Groom's Crippleage, incorporated by the great Earl of Shaftesbury and John A. Groom over 70 years ago, takes helpless cripples from all over the country and trains them to make beautiful artificial flowers of all kinds, including the roses for Queen Alexandra's Rose Day. Such useful employment enables these poor girls to become partially self-supporting and to face the world bravely. There are over 300 employed and cared for at Clerkenwell and Edgware. In addition, 200 girls are maintained and trained at their ideal Orphanage, Clacton-on-Sea. The Holiday Homes for cripple girls are also at Clacton.

"Never before in thirty years have I seen such a concrete instance of pure mercifulness, no, nor such a lovely one either."—Vide Press.

JOHN GROOM'S CRIPPLEAGE AND FLOWER-GIRLS' MISSION (Inc.)

To carry on this beneficent work funds are urgently needed—also LEGACIES. Will you help with a subscription? The work can only be maintained by voluntary contributions.

Send postcard for interesting literature. The Secretary,
JOHN GROOM'S CRIPPLEAGE AND FLOWER GIRL'S MISSION, (*Dept. 23*)
37, Sekforde Street, Clerkenwell, London, E.C.1.

distribution of Christmas dinner parcels than ever this year, as well as for the giving away of large quantities of coal and Yule logs. The sending of a Christmas parcel to a poor family will make a difference—just that difference between a Happy Christmas and one that is a mockery of the spirit of this greatest of all festivals. Your gift of £5 will provide a parcel each for *ten* poor families. Donations will be welcomed by Prebendary Carlile, at Church Army Headquarters, 55, Bryanston Street, London, W.1.

Dr. Barnardo's Homes

FOR seventy years the nation's destitute little ones have found sympathy and understanding within the circle of the enormous Barnardo family. Consider for a few moments just what it means to provide three good meals a day for 8000 children—to nourish and build up 8000 little bodies, many of them undermined by suffering and neglect before admission into Dr. Barnardo's Homes. And at Christmas time the problem is more acute than ever, for it is a firm principle that they should enjoy the gaiety and festivity of the Christmas spirit every bit as much as children who have got parents and homes of their own. For that reason, contributions will be particularly appropriate and particularly gratefully received just now. They should be sent to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 18-26, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

The East End Mission

THE East End Mission performs a multiplicity of good works—breakfasts for innumerable children before they go to school; finding work for boys when they leave school that will save them from a life of aimless drifting about the streets; keeping in touch with and always being ready to lend a helping hand to people in the neighbourhood (and it is a desperately crowded neighbourhood) with their various troubles. Money is urgently needed for all of this, especially in the winter, when all sorts of needs are constantly arising which must be met out of hand. Any subscription, or clothing, you can send will be very gratefully received. The person to address is the Reverend Percy Ineson, at The East End Mission, Bromley Street, E.1.

The Royal Surgical Aid Society

THE Royal Surgical Aid Society, which has just completed seventy-four years of service in the provision of surgical appliances of every description for the afflicted poor, merits the generous support of the charitable public. During its existence, the Society has supplied over 1,600,000 appliances, and the help thus given cannot be over-estimated. It not only brings comfort and ease to the individual sufferers, but in very many cases enables the recipient to become independent and self-supporting, and ofttimes to maintain this family, who thus share in the benefit bestowed. In this way the work of the Society is clearly an asset to the community at large, and claims everybody's help. Its operations, moreover, are not confined to any locality; it has seventeen provincial branches, and during the past few years it has specially assisted a large number of cases in the distressed areas of the County of Durham.

Waifs and Strays Society

A DECORATED room, happy children playing with their new toys, a bright fire, and almost certainly a Christmas tree. That is Christmas as we understand it—but here is another picture. It is a stable in which five horses are living, but it is also the only home of four motherless children and their father—an unskilled labourer, described as "a simple man." Turned out of their few rooms, they had nowhere to go, and this was the only shelter the father could give them. Every day the Waifs and Strays Society is helping children such as these, and it will have 4500 stockings to fill this Christmas. For more than half a century it has given homes to needy and cruelly treated children from all parts of the country—in all to more than 40,000. The Society's address is The Old Town Hall, Kennington, S.E.11.

ALL SMILES

At Christmas

Remember, please,

the children in poverty in East London and assist us to provide "Treats" for 17,000. The cost is 2/- each. Aid us also to give 1,200 Christmas parcels to families in urgent need, and a sociable party on Christmas Day to a number of "lonely souls," isolated in life.

Kindly send a Christmas Gift, large or small, to:—

The East End MISSION

The Rev. PERCY INESON,
Superintendent,
STEPNEY CENTRAL HALL,
Commercial Road, London, E.1

A CHRISTMAS GIFT to DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

will make over **8,000** children happier.

YOU can be sure that your Xmas Gift to Barnardo's will bring real happiness to needy girls and boys.

SEND THEM A CHRISTMAS GIFT OF **10/-**

IT is an experience you will enjoy!

Cheques, etc., should be crossed, made payable to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, and forwarded to 74 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

WORK— NOT CHARITY

In fourteen seasons the League has definitely enabled 15,211 men to take up work, in addition to employing 2,301 itself on special constructive schemes of its own.

We guarantee that all money sent in direct response to this advertisement will be wholly expended in wages.

YOUR CONTRIBUTION, however small, will be gratefully received by:

The Hon. Treasurer, Sir Francis Goodenough, C.B.E.

Winter Distress League, 23 Bedford Row London, W.C.1.

Tel.: Chancery 7140.

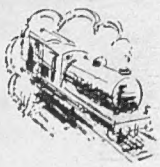
Please help us to help such as these.

'OVALTINE'

Remember-
'OVALTINE'
is now served at Cafés, Restaurants, & Milk Bars

Brimful of Health and Vitality

P296A



Two hours from London there are palms and vines, a silver-sanded shore with a bay as blue in the sunshine as the waters round Capri. In a wood of pines, as perfect as any in Picardy, there is one of Europe's foremost hotels, gay as the gayest London restaurants, infinitely more lovely and glamorous than any. But perhaps you have already guessed the place we mean . . .

BRANKSOME TOWER HOTEL

B O U R N E M O U T H

THE LIQUEUR OF A PRINCE

Romance clings about the history of Drambuie, first brought to Scotland almost two hundred years ago by a follower of Prince Charlie. It was then the drink of Princes and Lords, valued for its rarity and its excellence. To-day, manufactured by descendants of the family to whom the recipe was given so long ago, Drambuie retains its pre-eminence on the table of the connoisseur. Obtainable in all first-class establishments.

Packed in Tartan Boxes, ready to post, it makes an ideal and unique Christmas Gift.

THE PERFECT COCKTAIL CONTAINS DRAMBUIE

Prince Charlie Cocktail.
⅓ each Drambuie,
Cognac, Lemon Juice.

Isle of Skye Cocktail,
⅓ each Lemon Juice.
Drambuie, Gin.

Drambuie

LIQUEUR CO., LTD., 8 & 9, UNION STREET, EDINBURGH

G. P. Estab 1851

HUNTING & POLO SADDLES, WHIPS, FLASKS and all STABLE REQUIREMENTS

Established over 80 years, we are specialists in high-class Hunting and Polo Equipment. Patrons find all their requirements amongst our lists. Visit our premises and inspect the largest stock of London-made Polo and Hunting saddles, both new and second-hand

HUNTING and POLO SADDLES

Best Leather lined Rugby Panel Hunting and Polo Saddles, (our own best make), complete with pair of super hand-forged steel or super-nickel stirrups, Pair super leathers and super woollen girths **£11 11 0**

Best ordinary Serge-lined full Panel ditto Saddle, complete as above **£10 10 0**

Limited quantity ditto as above **£8 8 0**

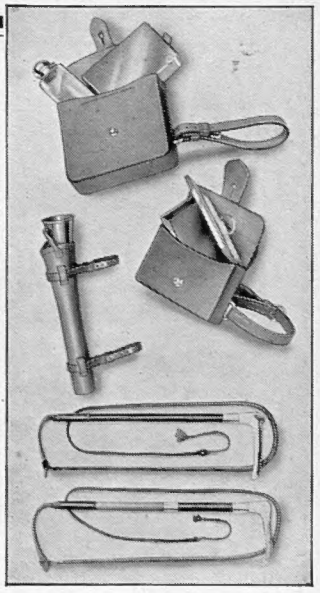
If with Folded Leather Girths 10/6 extra

LADIES' & GENT'S FLASKS

Hunting Flasks containing glass bottle with plated bayonet top **35/-**

HORSE CLOTHING

We are specialists in Summer and Winter Clothing and our Sheets, Rugs, Blankets, etc., are of Super quality at moderate prices.



Description of Goods Illustrated above:

Hunting Canteen, 5⅜in. × 5½in. × 1⅜in. containing Sandwich Box in Britannia Metal with fall-back lid and Hunting Flask, E.P. bayonet top **60/-**

Sandwich Box in Britannia Metal with fall-back lid in leather case 5½in. × 3½in. × 1in. deep, complete **30/-**

Copper Hunting Horns, each **15/-** and **12/6**

Leather Case for same, **18/6** and **22/6**

Hunting Whips, plaited leather silver mount with thong **25/-**

Ditto with E.P. mount **21/-**

Let us quote you for all your stable requirements.

GEO. PARKER & SONS (SADDLERS) LIMITED

Only Address: 12, UPPER ST. MARTIN'S LANE, LONDON, W.C.2

Telephone: Temple Bar 1164. Telegrams: "Cavesson, Lesquare, London."

BY APPOINTMENT

BY APPOINTMENT

You'll be glad

YOU BOUGHT

CHIVERS

—when your guests express their appreciation of your wise selection —when grateful letters arrive from friends or relatives abroad—*you'll be glad you bought* CHIVERS.

In addition to the products illustrated below, Chivers can a wide range of English Fruits and Vegetables, all conforming to Chivers high standard of quality.

MADE IN THE COUNTRY AT THE ORCHARD FACTORY, HISTON, CAMBRIDGE

By Appointment

The Royal Horse Artillery . . . Horse gunners are not directly recruited but join from other corps and regiments. In such case a man is said to have "got his jacket"—an allusion to the unique full dress. Their guns are their colours, and "Ubique" their motto. This motto is also applicable to "BLACK & WHITE" because of its popularity everywhere.

The Royal Horse Artillery

"BLACK & WHITE"

SCOTCH WHISKY

FAMOUS THE WORLD OVER